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QUIZ AND QUILL

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FOREWORD

ANOTHER Spring is here, bringing another round of lightsome joy and gladness, together with the realization of things accomplished. In this little volume we present to you, lovers and admirers of Otterbein, the very best of our literary accomplishments this year. We strive to have represented every kind of literary endeavor in the college, with contributions from as many different students as is consistently possible.

The Quiz and Quill Club is our only organization whose sole purpose it is to stimulate creative writing and true literary criticism. We hope that in this little volume, the Quiz and Quill Magazine of 1921, we have given you a glimpse of our standards and ideals, and that you will read it kindly, as you have done in the past.

THE SONG OF THE SEA

DENNIS D. BRANE, '21

(This song was written for the Men's Glee Club and first used during seasons 1920-21.)

O take me away from the blue of the deep
And chain me ashore like a ghost
To haunt rocky cliffs, where the waves as they leap
Would beckon me out from the coast;
O take me afar
From my ship o'er the bar,
And then must I hie me and flee,
Or else I must die
To let my soul fly
Back to my home on the sea.

Chorus
O a hi and a ho, and O winds come and blow,
And carry us on with our glee.
O heave ho, boys, and a hi hi yo;
O this is the song of the sea!

O the skies of the ocean—the bluest that blow—
And the lash of the foam 'round the ship,
And the run of the tide with its ebb and its flow
Holds a spell o'er the heart in its grip.
O to take me away
From the leap of the spray
Is to kill a poor sailor like me;
But I never can die
Just as long as I lie
In the hulk of my home on the sea!

THE FIGHTER AND THE YOUTH

ESTHER HARLEY, '21

First Prize, Barnes Short Story Contest.

FIVE dignified men were ushered into President Jackson's study. The "old fighter" received the committee with his usual stately courtesy. The bald-headed, aggressive dignitary spoke pompously in behalf of his committee.

*"We have here the signatures of ten thousand Philadelphia citizens petitioning you to restore the deposits to the United States Bank, believing that—"

But it was enough. This was the eighth dignified committee with pompous spokesman which had approached him on the same subject. He burst forth in a fiery harangue.

*"If you want relief you should go to the Bank and not to me. The Bank is a monster of corruption I am determined to put down. Andrew Jackson will never recharter this monster of corruption. Neither persuasion nor force, neither the wish of the people nor appeals of the legislatures can shake my fixed determination. Sooner than restore the deposits or recharter the Bank I would undergo the torture of ten Spanish inquisitions. I will never restore its deposits, I will never recharter the United States Bank, or sign a charter for any other bank, so long as my name is Andrew Jackson. Why am I teased with committees? Why am I receiving anonymous letters threatening me with assassination if I do not restore the deposits and recharter the Bank? I tell you that I'll not do it! I have examined the whole subject and understand it better than any of you. I have read the Scriptures, gentlemen, and I find that when Moses

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* Quoted from the report of the Philadelphia Committee appointed by a meeting of merchants, traders, etc. "United States Gazette—February 24, 1834."

ascended the Mount, the children of Israel rebelled and made a golden calf and worshiped it, and it brought a curse upon them. This Bank will be a greater curse."

The President bowed courteously, as usual, and departed into the next room. The disgruntled committee of pompous gentlemen could think of nothing better to do than leave, taking with them the ten thousand signatures.

The tall, weather-beaten, much-harassed leader of the nation came back into his study when his visitors had left. He paced up and down in front of the fire, grumbling to himself.

"Bah! They think I'll do just what they ask, because they have a couple of miles of signatures. I'm not made of milk and water. I've got my foot on this serpent and I'll crush it until it dies."

This human lion growled ferociously.

"They think I'll bow before their Bank, they think I'll grovel before their golden calf, but I'll fool 'em—I'll die before I'll knuckle down to their schemes."

His secretary came in and heralded the arrival of "Richard Lawrence, sir; he's young and wild-looking."

The heavy gray brows came closer together and the President took a position behind his desk, expectant and belligerent. He had a foreboding as to the nature of Richard Lawrence's mission.

The young man came rushing in, his black hair rumpled, his face white. He confronted the President militantly and pounded on the desk with an impetuous fist.

"I tell you this country is going to ruin. Business is bad and the people are panic-stricken. It's hard to get work and the poor people are suffering. Money's scarce and not worth anything. And all because you and your d—d politicians have been fooling with the banks. I tell you, this country's upset, and you're the cause of it!"

Pausing for breath, the youth caught George

Washington's stern glance as he looked down out of his gilded frame above the desk. But the impetuous one hurried on in his denunciation.

"I'm out of work. I'm not the only young fellow without a job. There are thousands of them, and we've got to live, the same as you politicians who have plenty. Money! Where's the money in this country? You politicians and bankers have fixed it so that we common people can't get at it, and something's got to happen. If you don't do something for us, you'll have to suffer.

Andy Jackson was strangely cool and unruffled during this speech. The pompous committeemen had roused his fighting blood, until he was willing to suffer death rather than relent. But this twenty-year-old boy, with the fearful impetuosity of youth, stirred in the old fighter only pity. In his own youth he had confronted just such impregnable human walls, and been defeated. He asked, with a little curiosity:

"Well, my lad, what is your solution to the problem? What would you have me do?"

"Put the national funds back into the United States Bank—that would restore the country to prosperity and trust in the government again sooner than anything else."

The same old story. The benevolence faded out of the old blue eyes and President Jackson, flinty again, rapped out:

"You talk as if you had been sent here by Clay and Calhoun, the old scoundrels! They've got their stupid old heads together now trying to coax all the people over on their side,"—he roared fiercely—"but they can't do it! I say they can't do it!"

But Richard Lawrence seemed unmindful of this insinuation against his motives and rushed on:

"I need money. I can't get a job and it's making the sweetest girl in the world wait years before we can get married and build our home. I had a little money saved up, but I have to use it now to live on. There are thousands just like me and they are all

down on you and your methods." He shook his finger in the President's face. "I tell you, one of these days you are going to be sent to a place where you can't play with the people's money like seashells, and send them down to ruin without a chance—"

Just then the bland secretary appeared at the door and said:

"Mr. Biddle to see you, sir. You have an appointment."

The gentleman was shown in. President Jackson said, in cool dismissal of the disgruntled young man, all kindness and gentleness gone now.

"I'm sorry I can do nothing for you. I act as I see fit. Good day."

That evening, as "Old Hickory" sat by his lonely fireside, thinking over his day, he saw again in his mind the wild-eyed young man, with incendiary nature, condemning the Bank action, and threatening his life. In a natural sequence of thought the old soldier-president by his fire thought of two missives in his drawer. They were anonymous letters, threatening assassination if the deposits were not restored to the Bank, written in the same crooked, eccentric hand, both received not long since. But he soon dismissed these from his mind as negligible and unpleasant, when his housekeeper, Ellen Malloy, fat and Irish, appeared in the doorway and demanded:

"And what must I make you for breakfast in the mornin'? Is it waffles or griddle-cakes?"

"It's waffles tomorrow, Ellen, with a gallon of maple-syrup," was the good-humored answer.

Ellen bobbed out as unexpectedly as she had bobbed in. This had been her custom during the seven years of Andrew Jackson's presidency, and it always served to divert his mind from weighty matters to the delights of having an Irish housekeeper such as Ellen. It served in this capacity tonight. He forgot completely unpleasant pompous committees, rash Richard Lawrence, threats, letters.

In a little homey cottage on the edge of the city

there was a lamp which threw its cheery rays out on the gravel-path. As Richard Lawrence stepped on the porch he could see through the window a wood-fire, a rag-rug, a yellow cat and a girl.

Lucinda Copperidge welcomed him very gladly. Her nose was freckled; her eyes were blue; her hair was brown; she was nothing extraordinary to look at, but Richard had found her to be a true home body, with a heart of gold.

She chased the yellow cat off the most comfortable chair, stirred the fire, turned up the lamp, and sat down to work on her quilt patches.

"Look, Richard, isn't this 'rising-sun' pattern pretty? I was out to see grandmother yesterday and she showed me ever so many she made when she was a girl and some day they are to be mine. Just think, Richard, when we have our own little home—"

"Yes, when we have it. Doesn't look as if it would be very soon. Lucinda, I can't find work. Some days I think I'll go mad when I go from place to place without succeeding. Times are so hard that people think they can do without having their houses painted."

"But, Richard, you have some money saved up toward our house. As long as you have that you needn't worry."

"I've got to live, and I've started to use that. Besides, they're hiring negroes now, because they'll work so much cheaper. There are thousands of men out of work, just walking the streets."

"Oh, Richard, it's too bad you can't find work," said Lucinda, her face anxious and sympathetic. "But mother and I can get along very well here until hard times are over and then we will do as we planned. I'm sure it can't last much longer this way and you'll soon get work." Her eyes shone as she thought of the future joys they had planned.

The yellow cat had jumped fondly on Richard's knee, but she was not favored with playful ear-pulling attentions as usual. Richard was still dismal.

"Everybody's out of work but the rich men and they are getting richer. I tell you it isn't fair! I despise this system that puts down the poor people. This afternoon I went to see President Jackson and I told him pretty plain what he's doing to this country. He's the biggest autocrat that's ever been in the president's chair."

Lucinda had dropped her "rising-sun" pattern and was listening tensely, alarmed. Richard was different tonight. His constant failure to get work was making him bitter and heedless.

"It's his fault everybody's out of work—his fooling with the Bank and taking out the deposits. If he'd let it alone this country would be prosperous right now. I told him so and that pretty soon something would happen to him if he—"

"Oh! Richard, you wouldn't do anything, surely!" cried Lucinda.

But Richard did not see her anxious face. He was looking into the fire, doggedly.

"I lose my senses when I see a man like that who has power to ruin a country full of us poor fellows and does it. I hate him. One of these days this country'll be without a president, if I have to"—

"Oh! Richard, promise me you won't do anything—that you'll stop to think before you do something you'll be ashamed of all the rest of your life. Promise me, Richard, that you'll"—

But just then little Mrs. Copperidge came in and unwittingly relieved the tenseness of the moment. She chased the yellow cat off her low, tidy-backed chair, retied the strings of her dainty white cap under her chin and ensconced herself by the fire to spend a chatty evening.

"I declare that cat gets to be more of a nuisance every day. I threaten to drown her in the river, but Lucinda won't hear to it. . . . .I just finished baking a cherry-pie. I do think there's nothing like a cherry-pie this time of year. Our own cherries, too, picked off that tree in our front yard. If I do say it myself, I

can put up cherries so they don't spoil, and that's more than some people can do. . . . .'Pears like we're going to have more snow. I was just saying to Lucinda that it's a good thing we've got plenty of wood in the shed because the winter's not over yet. I saw some wild geese flying south and that's a good sign."

The good lady chatted happily on.

Lucinda was bending over her quilt-patches. Richard was absent-mindedly stroking the yellow cat which had returned hastily and gratefully to his knee. It was, apparently a peaceful, happy scene. But two hearts were beating tumultuously. Nothing more was said that night about unsettled minds and unpromised promises.

It was the afternoon of January 31, 1835. The people hurried into the Capitol, out of the cold and sleet. There an unusual event was transpiring. A funeral was being conducted—that of a noted man, the warm friend and political adherent of President Jackson. Hundreds of people were paying their last respects to the Honorable Warren R. Davis of South Carolina. Many came out of curiosity, many because of a true admiration for the man, and many for political reasons.

Groups of people were standing about with reverently uncovered heads. The usual air of bustling and back-slapping politicians was entirely absent. The last prayer was being said. President Jackson stood, his gray head bowed in respect to his old comrade, flanked on each side by a secretary of his cabinet. All political differences were temporarily forgotten in this solemn moment.

A young man wearing a gray coat, black cravat and vest, and brown pantaloons edged his way toward the President. Despite his immaculate attire he looked wild-eyed and sleepless, driven forward by a relentless force. He was directly in front of the President. Before anyone realized what he was doing, he had whipped out a pistol from under his coat and fired.

However, only the percussion cap exploded, rendering the shot harmless. But instantly, from the other side of his coat he drew another pistol and fired, crying in a tone audible to those near:

"I said I'd get you, and I did!"

But the ball sank into the panelled wall instead of the President's breast, for with a heavy blow Andrew Jackson's faithful hickory cane came down on Richard Lawrence and he fell to the floor.

A temper, characteristically quick and ungovernable had arisen in the "old fighter" and undoubtedly he would have beaten his assailant into insensibility if his friends had not dragged him away by force. They heard him say, over and over, as he was conducted from the scene:

"Let me go. I'm not afraid—I'm not afraid of him."

The quiet, reverent atmosphere was gone. Instead, there was riot and upheaval, panic and prostration as the restless people crowded out into the street. It was echoed from lip to lip, and shouted by excited newsboys, that there had been an attempt made to assassinate the President. Everybody rushed home and told it, until the whole city was apprised of the attack—and very soon the whole country knew it.

But Richard Lawrence had been rendered harmless by the President's heavy cane and was taken away to the city jail, limp and unresisting. It was accomplished quickly and quietly, before the now angry mob had a chance to harm him. It was a cowed and white-faced Richard Lawrence who went to jail, realizing fully that his rash act had failed, but not realizing fully what fury it had called forth.

For this act was just enough to set the city of Washington on fire and the flame spread throughout the country. Affairs in business were at a crucial point and the time was ripe for just such an incident as this to enrage the nation.

Soon more business houses than ever were closed down. Men were turned away from their hitherto

secure positions. The streets were riotous—and the center of it all was Washington. *In one instance the enraged proletariat broke into a flour mill and emptied hundreds of barrels of flour into the street. It was a queer sight—poor women and children gathering up, in buckets and baskets, the fluffy whiteness, delighted to be able to secure provender for a few days. It was a ridiculous sight, but it showed to what extent the people were goaded.

Speculation ran wild as to the originator of the plot. Political enmity was strong, consequently the black headlines of the next morning's paper were no great surprise to the people, though for the moment the nation, individually, was stunned by the accusation.

Ellen Malloy was down on faithful hands and knees vigorously scrubbing the kitchen floor, and just as vigorously humming "Kathleen Mavourneen." Jeb, the kitchenboy, came snailing in, his little self almost hidden behind the big morning newspaper. "Kathleen Mavourneen" ceased.

"Bring me that paper, Jeb!" snapped the Irish one.

Jeb did, and Ellen Malloy read, her mild green eyes wide and horrified.

"ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT ATTEMPTED. CLAY AND CALHOUN ACCUSED!

"While attending the funeral of the Honorable Warren Davis of South Carolina yesterday afternoon at the Capitol, young Richard Lawrence tried to shoot President Jackson, but failed. It is reported that young Lawrence is the tool of Clay and Calhoun who have taken this means of removing their bitter political enemy."

Ellen picked up her scrubbing brush viciously and began to vent her malice on the tiles.

"The dirty scamps! I always knew they meant no good when they came here and talked so loud to Master Jackson. I hope they'll both be hung for tryin' to kill the dear man."

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* An actual instance. "McMaster's History." P. 392.

Jeb grabbed his despised paper and disappeared hastily through the window, driven out by the wrath of an animated Irish tongue.

Clay and Calhoun both happened to be in Philadelphia at the time, on business. They had traveled there on the railroad, which was as yet a perilous innovation. It was not expected that they would return for two days.

This very absence was construed by the angry populace as a deliberate act. Evidently these two men had planned the deed and instructed Richard Lawrence to carry it out in their absence, thus turning suspicion from them to their tool. Yes, the solution was very clear to the logical-minded busy-bodies who made it their business to find the true plotters. Some political associates of these two gentlemen searched among their notes and memories until they remembered certain incriminating statements made by Clay and Calhoun, that, when brought to light in this time of crisis, seemed serious.

Clay and Calhoun were publicly known as bitter political enemies of Jackson and had frequently been known to call him "the old scoundrel" or "the dirty blackguard." But this was mutual—Jackson had also called his antagonists similar endearing names. Some years later, on the death of Jackson, Clay said in a contradictory way, "He was my bitterest enemy, and all the time my dearest friend."

But at this time such statements were not unearthed. Only the incriminating ones appeared. These were printed and spread over the country, thus fanning the flame.

As for Richard Lawrence himself, the cause of this disruption of his country, he sat in his cell, brooding. In these lonely hours he did a great deal of thinking. The papers were brought to him and also rumors reached him, and thus he was informed of conditions. He saw the trend of the public mind. He saw that he was suspected of being the tool of Clay and Calhoun. He knew in his heart that these two men

were thoroughly innocent of any knowledge concerning the attempt. In his inmost soul he knew that it was only his own rashness and folly which had brought on all the trouble.

He reasoned that he must have become temporarily crazed by his failure to secure work, his insensate jealousy and hatred of the men higher up whose riches and power came without effort, and by his eager desire to make a home for Lucinda. Whenever he thought of that little girl, with the freckled nose and blue eyes, his conscience twinged painfully.

"Oh! Why was I such a fool? Why didn't I take her advice and think before I acted?"

However, all this remorse would not bring back the carefree condition of things before his attempted crime. But in the hours he sat brooding, Richard Lawrence grew years older in common sense and patriotism.

In the days immediately following the attempt, Ellen Malloy tried hard to cheer up her Master Jackson by dainty dishes, lilting Irish songs and sparkling conversation. But he would not yield as usual to her badinage.

In his heart of hearts the "old fighter" knew who did not plan the attempt to assassinate him. He knew well that neither Clay nor Calhoun was the despicable sneak that would plan an attack in such an underhand way, to be carried out by a boy. If either wished his death, and both had threatened it, he knew undoubtedly that they would have thrown a glove in his face and fought it out like the Southern gentlemen that they were.

But he refused to express his sentiments to anyone. Interested and curious interviewers swarmed to see him, and politicians asked shrewd questions, but the wary old war-horse would say nothing on the subject, except to dismiss it as soon as possible.

To Lucinda the blow came with the most stunning force. She had not seen Richard since the night at her home when the unsatisfactory conversation had

taken place. Her mother had unknowingly prevented confidences which might have caused Richard to look at things more sanely and thus avoided endless difficulties.

After that night, Lucinda had put away her "rising-sun" quilt-patches, had not paid much attention to the purring yellow cat, and had listened absently to her mother's well-known tales of the old days and the next-door neighbors. Lucinda was thinking of Richard, of the change in him. A nameless, clammy fear possessed her, that he would do something impulsively. But what?

On the evening of January 31, Lucinda expected Richard to come to the cottage. She had thought of a great many things to say to him, things that would appeal to his manhood, his sanity, his better reason. She had put on the new little dress that she had just finished—it was blue, the color that Richard always liked so well. For, even in these anxious days she was still very feminine, spending some little time before her mirror arranging a curl or worrying about a freckle.

Mrs. Copperidge had gone to bed with a headache. Lucinda sat looking into the fire. She was too nervous to sew. She pushed the yellow cat away impatiently and rudely countless times when it approached her, purring. All evening she sat there,—eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock—and Richard did not come. Never before had he promised to come and then disappointed her. She stared into the fire until late, watching the queer faces that peeped out at her. She determined not to be foolish and cry like any girl, and not to expect the very worst. But she could not help feeling that Richard must have precipitated the thing that was hovering over him the other night. The afternoon's tumult had not reached the edge of the city where the little cottage stood. At eleven Lucinda blew out the lamp, deciding to be sensible and forget everything.

The black headlines notified her of Richard's act.

She did not faint or scream or denounce in tragic tones the one who had won her heart. She went about her work, which happened to be at that moment, dusting the simple furniture of the cottage. Of course, her hands were not as steady as usual, but she was more careful than on other days to catch every speck of dust. She even hummed a little tune.

She dreaded to have her mother read the headlines and the contents of the paper. Exactly what she dreaded did happen. The old lady trotted in.

"I was out talking to Mrs. Hackett over the fence. She says it's only eight above zero this morning. Dear me, what does the paper say? Fetch me my glasses, 'Cindy, so I can read the news."

Lucinda went with leaden feet to fetch the glasses and returned with them—it was inevitable.

"Hey! What's this? Richard Lawrence—surely that's not our Richard! He tried to kill the President—why, 'Cindy, isn't this terrible? And I always thought he was such a nice young man, too. Oh! 'Cindy, what will people say?"

"I don't know what they will say, mother, and I don't care. I'm not going to disappoint Richard now, just when he needs someone to believe in him."

Her mother was crying.

"Oh! 'Cindy, will you bring sorrow on my old age? What did I do to deserve such a daughter?"

"Nonsense, mother, Richard isn't a murderer. He is just a boy and I believe he was just upset and unsettled because he couldn't get work. I am sorry to go against you, but I feel that it will come out all right." She went into another room to finish her dusting.

While doing her household tasks and listening to her mother's tears and wailings, Lucinda thought a great deal that day. She knew positively that Richard had had no possible connection with Clay and Calhoun. She doubted if he had ever come in contact with them, and she knew they were not aware that such a person as Richard Lawrence existed. Such

an accusation against them was ridiculous, when she knew the impetuous, impulsive Richard so well. By evening she had made up her mind. She told her mother that she was going to visit her grandmother for a while that evening.

"Oh! What will granny say? Oh, 'Cindy, he's not the right kind of a young man if he would do a thing like that."

Lucinda did go to her grandmother's—and staid long enough to borrow her new "road-to-California" quilt pattern and listen to a recital of the day's ailments.

Then she hurried away. She came to the big white structure that was her destination—but it was all dark in the front part. Was her carefully-planned visit to amount to nothing? Lucinda went around to the rear and found two lights shining brightly through the windows.

Ellen Malloy opened the kitchen door. Lucinda walked in without hesitation.

"Saints above! It's a young lady! What could you be wantin' this time o' the night?"

Ellen had been sitting by the kitchen fire reading her prayer-book so she felt particularly angelic.

"I—Oh!—I do want to see the President and it was all dark at the front. I thought maybe there would be some way I could get to see him if I came around this way."

"But, dearie, he's not here. He went to some meetin'."

"Oh! I'm so sorry"—and Lucinda looked rather glisteny about the blue eyes.

"But I think he'll be back real soon. Just set down and tell me all about it, dearie."

Ellen Malloy was one who inspired confidence, and Lucinda succumbed to her comfortable, matter-of-fact manner.

Right then and there Lucinda gained a friend. Ellen believed every word that came from that mouth below the freckled nose and the glisteny blue eyes. Every

once in a while she would tiptoe in to see if the President had come in yet.

Finally she came out, her kindly eyes lighting up her plain face.

"Master Andrew's here, dearie. I'll just take you in. And don't you be afraid of him, because he's human just like the rest of us."

She conducted Lucinda to the study.

"Here's a young lady to see you, sir, Miss Lucinda Copperidge. Now, what would your honor like for breakfast tomorrow? Ham and eggs, or griddle-cakes or waffles—or all of them?"

"Why, just make all of them, Ellen," came the surprising answer—upon which she bobbed out.

Lucinda approached President Jackson rather timidly, yet not in a cringing manner. She took the chair he placed for her.

"I suppose you think this is a bold thing to do—but I couldn't even wait 'til tomorrow to come because I want to make something right. I've been trying to decide to come ever since I read the paper this morning about what happened yesterday."

The face of Andy Jackson was not quite so kindly and benevolent as when Ellen Malloy had left. What did this appealing young lady know about such things?

"I know Richard Lawrence very well. I—I—I think a great deal of him."

("Going to cry and beg me to pardon him immediately even if he is the blackest-hearted villian in the country—even if he did turn out to be the stool-pigeon of Clay and Calhoun") thought the "old fighter," shrewdly trying to analyze the anxious, eager face before him.

"I read that Clay and Calhoun are suspected of being at the bottom of this, and that Richard is their tool and carried out their plans."

("Well, young lady, you are a little different from what I expected. Don't believe you'll cry after all.")

"I know positively that Richard was not connected

in any way with them. I even doubt if he knows them. I would willingly swear that he was not their accomplice, but that he did it—"

"Wait a minute, young lady."

Andy Jackson stamped over to his desk and brought back two letters. He gave them to Lucinda. She opened them and found that they were written in a certain crooked, eccentric hand.

"Do you know this writing, young lady?" he asked sharply, watching her face.

"Yes, sir," she answered frankly, looking at him. "It is Richard's. These letters are written impulsively, too, just like he is, and are not the studied dictation of other men. I just wanted you to know about his connection with Clay and Calhoun."

"Well, young lady, is that all you have to say?"

"No, sir; I want to say that I believe that Richard had no personal enmity toward you. He is just a boy and had been out of work for so long that I believe it made him bitter against all those who have power. I am sure that right now he is changed. An experience like this will make a man of him—and if it doesn't I will be so disappointed in him."

"Miss Copperidge, I'm glad that you came to me. In my own mind I have been convinced from the first that Clay and Calhoun have had nothing to do with this. They are all kinds of old scoundrels, but they are not sneaks. The papers are full of their accusation and the people are howling it, so I dared not say what I thought, for they wouldn't believe me alone. But now I shall say what I think with authority."

His stern face relaxed and his blue eyes looked kindlier.

"As for Richard Lawrence, young lady, we shall see what will be done with him. How old is the boy?"

"He is twenty."

"I was all kinds of a fool when I was twenty. When he was in here the other day, shaking his fist in my face and talking like a mad trooper, I suspected that he was obsessed with an idea and would not be satis-

fied until he carried it out. But I am more determined than ever since this upheaval in the country—I'll never put the money back in the Bank, never." He stopped talking and stared solemnly into the fire.

Lucinda's mission seemed to be ended. She rose to go.

"Miss Copperidge, suppose you meet me at ten o'clock day after tomorrow morning at the jail and we will see this young Richard Lawrence. I want to have another talk with him."

Ellen Malloy pounced upon the girl as she was leaving and Lucinda assured her that she had not been eaten up at all, and that Andrew Jackson was not an old bear as so many said. Ellen's still foolishly-romantic heart was more than satisfied with Lucinda's outcome with her Master Jackson.

"I'll make him all those things for breakfast and then some more, the dear man."

Jackson sent a notice to the papers stating that the suspicions against Clay and Calhoun were completely unfounded and that all investigations in that direction should cease. This was put in a prominent place and everybody read it. A great many delectable news-stories which were being written about these two gentlemen were abruptly stopped, thus depriving the public of some agreeable reading matter.

Riots became less frequent. Business houses began to open their doors, the streets became quieter as soon as the people learned that a political war had been averted, although they were convinced that Andrew Jackson would never restore the deposits or recharter the Bank.

Clay and Calhoun, in Philadelphia, read of their accusation in the papers. Mightily alarmed, they boarded the first railroad train and came back to Washington as fast as they could bribe the engineer to run, regardless of life and limb.

Clay and Calhoun each had secret hopes that some day he might attain to the Presidency, but these hopes were never breathed to the other. Each had cherished

certain secret plans for the removal of Jackson and his own succession as leader of the nation. Both were mighty anxious to reach Washington and restore the people's confidence in them.

The little train puffed into the Washington station. Each of the old politicians purchased a paper—and read that he was exonerated and freed from all suspicion.

Nevertheless, together they went immediately to call upon their old friend and enemy, Andrew Jackson. He was ultra-courteous to his visitors, and they were ultra-civil to him, until Henry Clay inadvertently remarked:

"Now if only you could see your way clear to put the deposits back into the Bank."

But that was the end for Andy Jackson.

"Get out of here—you old scalawags," he roared, all civility departed forever, "and don't you ever come in this house again unless you can talk about something besides the Bank, you old scoundrels, thieves, carpet-baggers, worse than highwaymen."

But the two old politicians were far down the street.

At the hour of ten on the appointed day Jackson met Lucinda Copperidge at the jail. Discreetly he waited outside until she had been in Richard's cell a few minutes.

Lucinda was startled to see such a pale and haggard Richard. A smile of delighted wonder came over his face when he saw her.

"Why, Lucinda, do you still—can you still—care for a—"

"Of course, Richard. Did you think I would desert you at such a time?"

"But I have been such a fool. I must have been insane to think that I could overthrow such a man as Andrew Jackson."

The President came in just at this moment. Richard's pale cheeks flushed as he beheld the man whom

he had attempted to kill. But this man, who was relentless in battle, bitter in politics and regardless of personal feelings, now came up and grasped Richard Lawrence's hand. Almost dumb-founded, the young man tried to withdraw his hand, but the "old fighter" held it fast.

"Young man, you've learned your lesson. Miss Copperidge has proved what you are worth, by her belief in you. I hold no grudge against you. A man in public life must expect such things. Is your feeling still the same for me and the government?"

Richard looked Jackson straight in the eye.

"No, sir; it is not. I have thought more lately than ever before and I realize what a young fool I was. I believe that I am learning what patriotism and loyalty to government mean to a man. They mean everything."

Andrew Jackson left the two young people together, after having established a friendship with the young man, no longer wild-eyed and incendiary, but imbued with true American spirit.

In the warden's office he wrote out the following: "I, Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, do hereby fully pardon Richard Lawrence for his offense against his country and declare him a free man."

The next evening in the little cottage home, Lucinda and Richard were bending over a newspaper. The lamp was bright, the yellow cat purred delightedly in the most comfortable chair. Lucinda had her "rising-sun" pattern close at hand, and Richard wore a rose in his buttonhole. Their young faces were radiant.

From the kitchen floated sounds as of a neighborly discussion.

"And 'Cindy went right up to President Jackson and she said . . . . . ."

"Why, Mrs. Copperidge, you don't say!"

The commonplace had again triumphed.

OUR UNWELCOME GUESTS

LLOYD B. HARMON, 21

First Prize, Russel Oratorical Contest.

THE United States of America is a nation of immigrants. It has been our policy to extend the hand of welcome to those who come to our shores. In this way we have built up a nation that has no equal in all the world. In the great melting-pot all nationalities have become one. They are all Americans. But as we look toward our western shores, we see a class of immigrants which, because of racial differences can not be taken into our national family on equal terms. These unwelcome guests are the Japanese immigrants of California.

Since 1854 America and Japan have been friends, and it is to be hoped that these relations of friendship will always exist. In the last few years, as vast numbers of Japanese have come to our western shores to find homes, our relations have become more and more intimate. This has given rise to a perplexing problem of national and international relations. In 1907 the Californians were growing alarmed at the rapid influx of the Japanese and in that year we made a treaty with Japan called the Gentleman's Agreement, by which the laboring class of the Japanese were excluded from our country. Again last year one of the most bitter waves of anti-Japanese feeling began. Anti-Japanese organizations sprang up, and the hostility manifested threatened to do the Japanese rank injustice or even to bring about war between the two nations.

The situation as it now stands is indeed serious. There are now in this country 120,000 Japanese, two-thirds of whom are in the State of California. Naturally it is here that we find the greatest anti-Japanese feeling. In this state the Japanese are not

allowed to own land unless they were born in this country. Here the Japanese is spurned as the negro is spurned in the south. He is an unwelcome guest who comes to California with passports from Japan. But why all this unfair discrimination? Why this hatred? Why this deplorable lack of hospitality? Have the Japanese wronged us beyond forgiveness? Have they disobeyed our laws? Have they stolen our property? No! It is none of these. But, as the Japanese themselves say, "We are condemned for our virtues." They are not anarchists; not even socialists. They obey American laws to the letter. They are energetic and very industrious. In fact, they are too energetic to please the white people. By their industry and business skill they have been able to compete economically with the native Americans. And so it is that the native Americans fear the competition of the Japanese immigrants.

The Californians also say that the Japanese are lowering the standard of living. It is true that they can live on a simpler diet and get along without many of the luxuries of American life. The American's dress must be more showy and more costly. The American must have a large expensive motor car while the Japanese can get along with a Ford. The American must have a fine house to which to take his bride, while the Japanese is willing to begin with a humble dwelling and work from that to something better. The Japanese have large families, while the Americans raise but few children. The American likes to live without work while the Japanese is willing to work to attain his purpose in life. We have here examples of two great civilizations, one the high-geared expensive civilization of the American and the other the low-geared simple civilization of the Oriental. If these two civilizations are brought into competition side by side, which will survive? The law of the survival of the fittest still works. In the days of Paleozoic time the opossum and the dinosaur lived side by side. The opossum had simple wants

and was easily adaptable to changing conditions. He has remained until the present day. The dinosaur had great requirements and was less adaptable to changing conditions. He has long been extinct and only his buried bones remain to tell of his once magnificent stature. It is no wonder that the Californians fear the Japanese because of their lower standard of living, for already do they feel the pressure of changing conditions and the effect of competition with a more economical civilization. So it is that they feel that something must be done to drive out the competitor in order to maintain their high standard of living and to protect the civilization that we all cherish.

But there is a deeper reason for our hatred of the Japanese. Many Germans, Swedes, Italians and Greeks have come to this country and by their industry surpassed the native Americans in business enterprise. Their standard of living may likewise have been low, but we have received them gladly. The reason lies in the fact that they belong to the Caucasian race, and we feel that they are our brothers. But alas for the Japanese! They belong to the Mongolian race and we of the Caucasian race do not feel free to take them into our social system. We do not intermarry with those of a race that is displeasing to us. In fact biologists tell us that such a practice brings about degeneration. Race prejudice is the real reason for our hatred of the Japanese immigrant. There are a few Americans who like to mingle with the Orientals, but only a few. Years of intercourse will be needed before this race prejudice can be overcome. This race prejudice is most unjust. The man of another race can not help that he has inherited a different color of skin. But on his part he must not impose himself on those of another race. It is race prejudice that makes the Californian really despise the Oriental and makes him fear the economic supremacy of the Japanese in his state.

The problem stands before us. How are we to pro-

tect our fellow-citizens of California against the encroachment of a foreign race, without doing injustice to the Japanese already in this country and without causing international difficulties?

America and Japan have been bound by the ties of friendship for seventy years. Japan says that she is willing to come more than half way along any line of conciliation that is in harmony with honor and manly self respect. May we find in America the saving elements of wisdom, integrity and common sense that will ultimately make things right, that the partnership of these two great nations may grow in strength and cordiality as the future unrolls.

In the solution of this problem we must adopt a policy of absolute frankness. We must note our differences of custom, language and race, yet remember that we are all human beings. Noting our differences we must mutually agree not to impose ourselves upon each other in a way that will be repulsive or injurious to either. Yet we must be just to each other and not try to conceal any malice in our hearts. We must remember that behind the yellow skin there lives a human soul equal in value to our own.

With this policy of frankness we must have absolute fair play. We must make the same rules apply to both sides. If we agree that Japanese be excluded from this country, we must accept the exclusion of Americans from Japan. If we do not allow the Japanese to own land, we must impose the same hardship upon Americans living in Japan. What would a football game be if one side were allowed to tackle any man and that privilege were denied the other side. That would be unfair. Yes, and in our dealings with this problem we must make the same rules apply to both sides. America and Japan are neighbors for all time. Is it to our mutual interest to be continually grasping at each other's throats? Or shall we have that comradeship based on fair play that makes for strength, happiness and prosperity?

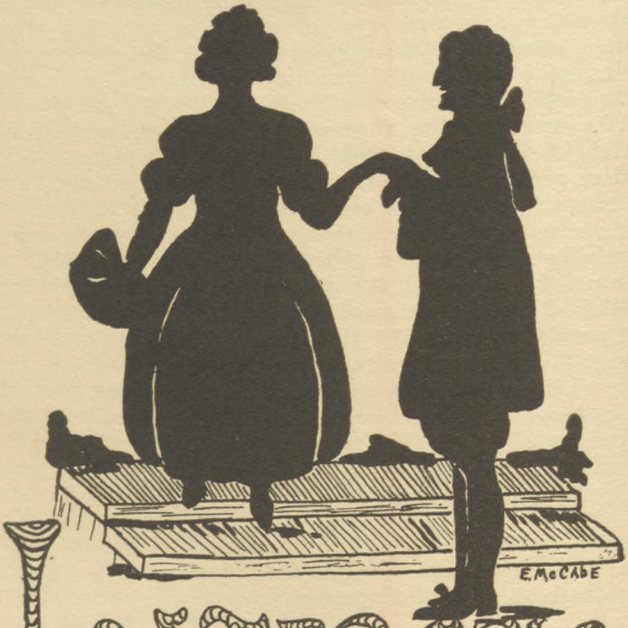
Since America and Japan are partners facing each

other across the Pacific, a grave responsibility rests upon them to so order their partnership that lasting peace and harmonious cooperation may be assured. In this word cooperation rests the final solution to our problem. Cooperation means the control of passions and racial prejudices, the elimination of selfishness and greed. It requires patience, a willingness to compromise, a capacity for sacrifice. Without these cooperation cannot exist and grim war is the result, bringing untold disaster and human woe. In our cooperation we can see that it is to our best interest to do unto others as we would be done by. International cooperation means putting into practice among nations the Golden Rule, which is not a piece of idealistic sentiment but the statement of a fundamental law of human nature. It depends upon an understanding of the conditions affecting both sides. In order to do unto another as we would be done by we must first know how that other person or nation would like to be treated. For not all are alike. What is pleasing to us may be very repulsive to another. Japan says that she is willing to come more than half way along any line of conciliation that is in harmony with honor and manly self respect. It is for America to cooperate with her in the settlement of the question of Japanese in California.

It is clearly to be seen that something must be done to preserve our nationalism in the State of California. No one can question our right to exclude any or all we may wish to exclude. Even a hospital can do that. But in our legislation we must keep in mind the great principles of justice and humanity for which our nation stands. To enforce rigidly the Gentlemen's Agreement is our right and our privilege, and to limit still further Japanese immigration now seems necessary. Laws must be passed to prevent their segregation in certain communities and to provide for the speedy Americanization of all who may come to our shores. Such measures can be brought about by proper cooperation between state and nation and between our nation and Japan.

May we as citizens of the United States do all we can to protect our fellow citizens of California against the encroachments of a foreign race. May we do all that we can to promote cooperation and fair play among nations. And may we uphold the great principles of justice and humanity in our dealings with our neighbors across the Pacific.

We stand on the shores of the western ocean and watch the sun as it dips toward the horizon. The waters gleam with the rainbow's hues of the sunset and we see a track of glowing flame leading out across the waters to where the sun goes down. As we stand admiring the beauties of the setting sun, we think of our neighbor across the waters whose banner is embellished with that glorious sun. We see stretched out on the western sky the banner of the Japanese empire. As we stand entranced with the scene we wonder whether this glowing track of the setting sun will be a band that will unite America and Japan in the relations of friendship and cooperation or whether we shall soon be sundered by the black night of race prejudice and aggressive nationalism.



LITERARY SOCIETIES

WOMEN SLACKERS

EDNA HOOPER, '21
Cleiorhetea

ARE you a red-blooded American? Does the sight of the stars and stripes thrill you? Do you appreciate your gifts, duties, and privileges? If not, something is lacking in your cowardly make-up. The fact is, you ought not to be allowed to mar this beautiful world with your disgraceful presence. You are not wanted. What the world wants is more people with qualities that make living worth while, women of big souls and ambitions. If you are not one of that kind, hide your petty head with its puny contribution of brains, the sum of which, all told, would fill a thimble. If the sight of our flag does not make you thrill to the very bone you may as well step out of the race, for sooner or later you will be trampled under foot with the ignorant self-satisfied herd.

Several months ago women were given the right of franchise—put on an equal basis with men, in regard to politics. Previous to this, men had sneered at the possibility of women voting. Even now some of the nerveless creatures called women give man ample opportunity to continue his sneering.

That weak, wishy-washy woman who says she does not believe in politics for the female contingent ought to be wiped out of existence. She is a slacker of the worst kind, equally as bad as that coward with the yellow streak who entered the ministry to avoid the possibility of going to war. Can she be called an educated woman who hangs to tradition in that dumb manner? No! A thousand times, no! She is a stupid, self-centered being who sees only one thing—and that thing is herself.

Her influence upon her home will not be the highest. When her children are old enough to look back

upon her youth and realize that she did not enter into one of the biggest issues of her time, will they have as much respect for her learning and opinions as they would otherwise? She, in their eyes, will be a forceless, wavering, illiterate person. They will not pardon her, but will attribute it to crass ignorance.

Does not the woman who refuses to vote know that she is letting slip by one of the biggest opportunities of her life? She need not be a masculine, undesirable person simply because she goes to the polls. It is there she may be giving the biggest help to humanity that is in her power, provided she votes as her conscience tells her and not as someone dictates. If she helps to eliminate a great deal of the prevalent evil by being up-to-date on up-to-date problems, she is being a woman in the fullest sense of the word. Everyone is awake to the fact that woman is coming into her own and everyone knows that woman, in order to be at her best in her home, will be interested in social and community problems.

How is a woman to be respected and looked up to in a community unless she has enough stamina to walk to the polls and cast her vote?

Heaven forbid that we should have any more of that silly species that sits at home with folded hands and says, "My place is in my home." If that creature had brains enough to see as far as her hand in front of her, she would see that if her duty in the home is to be fulfilled it must be fulfilled outside also.

Men are waiting to see what women will do. They have always had the privilege of doing almost anything they desired. Now they have made up their minds as to how most of the women will use their newly-acquired rights. If women cannot educate themselves and get ready to go into politics with the right spirit and the proper amount of knowledge, let the men trample on them. They are not fit to hold positions of equality with men. Nothing is quite so absurd as to hear women rant about the injustices imposed on them by men, and then when given the op-

portunity to correct them, to fall down simply because they think it is taking away their feminine characteristics. It would be a great benefit to some women and a still greater benefit to the world at large, if some of those self-same qualities were gently but firmly removed. They are for the most part, mistaken ideas about propriety, and if they are continued we can never hope for betterment of present-day conditions.

The mere fact that some of the biggest men of our day are heartily in favor of the entrance of women into politics ought to count materially, for most women look to men's opinions as the shipwrecked sailor looks toward the lighthouse. Are you going to keep on with such doglike dependency and never show your worth or benefit the world with it? If you are, then continue, and the whole nation will eventually retrocede to the state of the Indian when the man sat with folded hands and let the woman support him.

In just four years more, another opportunity will be given the woman, and if within that time she has not educated herself so that she knows just what would be best for her country, then there is no hope for her. She will be an unimportant back-number and perhaps a slave to her husband's every word. It will be what she richly deserves.

Put away your old fogy ideas. They are not worth the trouble it takes to keep them. Put as many new gowns on your intellect as you do yearly on your body. Keep your eyes and ears open. That is what they were given you for. Put some pep into your being. Cease running to the male populace for every little scrap of information and hunt things up for yourself.

If only women would get past their narrow self-centered, bigoted ideas we might have Utopia within the next four years. Otherwise it will take us the same length of time that it has taken the men, which has been since time immemorial.

OUR INHERITANCE

MARJORIE M. MILLER, '21
Philalethea

"Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind—the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
* * * * * *
He gained a world—he gave that world
Its grandest lesson, On and On."

THE progress of America would indicate that it has kept the faith with its motto—On and On. Perhaps the direction of this progress has not always been upward, but we may justly be proud of our efforts to expand. This is true, not only of the nation as a whole, but of many components of that whole. There are innumerable instances of industries, organizations and individuals, that from a very small beginning, became an influential power.

I wonder how many of the students now in Otterbein ever gave a thought to the history, traditions or aims of their chosen college before, or even after, they came. To me the whole story might be written in the term of the motto quoted above—On and On. In the history of the founding of the college, you are able to see the "launching out into the deep," the faith of our church leaders enabling them to start onward and forward in one of the grandest and most broadening in its consequences of any movement of the Church. If we follow the history of the college further, as I desire to do for a few moments, we shall see that the growth has not been easy, but the result of long, hard years of struggle. Were I to attempt to give you the names of all who have made this possible, I could talk for an hour and then cover the field but incompletely.

The early years of the college were years of estab-

lishment, of gradual organization of curricula and methods, of slow but steady growth. Ten years were to elapse before the college graduated any students. Many of those who came attended for one term only and were not candidates for degrees or diplomas. The progress of those years was slow, but the broad principles of its founding were gradually crystallizing into the foundation blocks of its structure.

Little more than twenty years after its founding came what might easily have resulted in the total destruction of Otterbein as a college—the fire of 1870. The severe financial blow and the loss of its main building were almost more than the resources of the little college could stand, but from the ashes of that fire rose the phoenix of an even greater Otterbein. Encouraged by the leaders of that period, the constituency rallied to its support, and funds were raised for the construction of the present Administration Building.

Nor was this the only crisis which the college underwent. At one time the trustees faced an accumulated deficit of over $114,000. Heroic measures were necessary and years were required in the solving of this problem, but again Otterbein was helped to her feet. Some of the stories of that hard-fought campaign, which occurred soon after the financial crisis of the country in 1893, are as interesting as a thrilling adventure.

Let us compare for a moment the present Otterbein with the Otterbein of the past. Think you that it started with its present equipment of nine beautiful buildings, a faculty of thirty-five trained men and women and thousands of dollars of endowment and scholarships? Ah, no, it has required seventy-three years to bring the struggling organization of 1847, with its three small buildings, its faculty of only two or three trained men and women, and its eight enrolled students of that first opening day, to the present situation in which you find yourself.

This is our inheritance. All of the struggle, hard

won success and efforts of the past have resulted in the present Otterbein. The freshmen have even more of an inheritance than the rest of us, for theirs is the first class to enjoy the dormitory annex, and to have the privilege of the splendid new science building for their entire course. But all of us may enjoy the advantages of the Otterbein of today, which would have made the students of 1847 and 1850 think they were in dreamland.

But is our inheritance simply a matter of buildings and equipment? What of the spirit of loyalty and devotion? What of those brave pioneers of its history; have they left us nothing of their faith and traditions? To me the biggest share of our inheritance is this rich blessing of fundamental things. Those individuals whose lives were spent in loving service for Otterbein are the ones who have unconsciously established such high standards that they still remain a challenge to all of us. It is only by understanding their principles and ideals that we can thoroughly appreciate the true meaning of Otterbein, and it is in reviewing their characteristic beliefs that we learn the unwritten laws of our college. As Otterbein was founded by the Church, and by those leaders of the Church who were thoroughly imbued with its spirit and creed, so Otterbein has always fostered influences which uplift and increase the power of its students, and has opposed those forces which tend to lower moral and personal efficiency. That is why Otterbein encourages the Christian Associations, the Christian Endeavor, the Science Club, the Quiz and Quill Club, and the literary societies. That is also the reason for the rules against smoking, dancing and secret fraternities and sororities. It is not Otterbein alone which is responsible for this situation, but the entire denomination of thinking men and women. To most of the students who come to Otterbein, these laws are very easy to live under—in fact they scarcely realize their existence, because their own high standards formed these laws for them long before their entrance

into Otterbein; and to most of the students the democratic freedom of the institution is one of its dearest charms.

Such is our inheritance—the sum total of high ideals, as well as the accumulated physical equipment. The next step is our reception of our inheritance. Shall we squander thoughtlessly our treasure, or shall we invest and use it wisely, passing on to our successors an inheritance larger and nobler for our having had it? Surely there is but one response. In fact, it is in the use of our inheritance that we function as college students. As the main purpose of the college, as an educative institution, is to furnish us with the environment and experiences which are necessary for a broad life of service, it should be our purpose to place ourselves in the proper receptive and responsive mood. Unless we so will, the college can do nothing for us. The college, with all of its material equipment and rich tradition, will fail, so far as we are concerned, unless we decide to make use of our opportunities.

Students seem to have queer notions, sometimes, of the way to acquire these blessings so abundantly offered by the college. To them, classes are hours of boredom, to be endured, or to cut if possible; lessons are assigned of double the length really expected to be prepared; and professors are the physicians (to use an old illustration), who by some process are to pour knowledge into our unsuspecting brains.

This conception should be so childish to the student of college age and experience, that it should be revolting. The true student views lessons as methods of gaining quickly and efficiently the experiences or knowledge which will enable him to act more efficiently in the future; classes as periods of interchange of ideas and helpful suggestions for further thought and research; professors—those who by virtue of maturer experiences, are worthy of leadership and consultation.

The student who views with an understanding

mind and an appreciative heart the multifold blessings and opportunities of a college education, is the one who will be most benefited by it. There will be a reciprocal relation. In gaining so much he will give of his loyalty and cooperation freely, if only as a means of expressing his appreciation.

Does it not seem just and reasonable that as we receive the benefits and privileges of Otterbein we should gladly shoulder our responsibility of upholding the standards and traditions so wisely set before us? In other words, just as firmly as the trustees of the college are looking to the further increasing of the material equipment, in the form of new dormitories, gymnasium, chapel, infirmary and athletic grounds and equipment, so we ought to face with confidence the coming students of the future, and pass on untarnished our inheritance.

"Oh, Otterbein, we love thee,
Our hearts are only thine.
We pledge anew, we will be true,
Dear Otterbein."

"IL PENSEROSO"

DENNIS D. BRANE, '21
Philophronea

NOWADAYS, efficiency is the watchword of practically every enterprise, but to attain it men have plunged themselves into a whirlpool; they have converted life into a race. The tendency everywhere is toward rapid living—in some cases not only rapid, but "fast," and it is this condition of our civilization which we might well pause to consider as being in itself, perhaps not harmful, but indirectly the cause of many woes.

John Milton was the author of two poems classed among his minor works, which deal with contrasted moods of men. The one is "L 'Allegro"—meaning "The Happy Man," which treats of the cheerful, unrestrained joys of more or less earthly origin; and the other, "Il Penseroso"—"The Meditative Man," who seeks seclusion for the deliberate contemplation of life's more serious aspects, who confronts the world's perplexities with unbiased reason. In a word, "Il Penseroso" is the man who **thinks**—not necessarily intellectual thinking, but moral, contemplative thinking. Within such men lies the hope of overcoming the excessive speed of present day living, but the trouble rests in the fact that such a great majority of men are too busy for such meditation—too busy for this, too busy for that, until the final result is that they are too busy for anything but their own affairs. They mean well, perhaps, but are falling into that class of "thinkless" individuals who cannot see far beyond their own noses.

"Il Penseroso"—The Meditative Man, speaks thus:

"Hail, thou Goddess sage and holy,
Hail, Divinest Melancholy.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,

Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with God doth diet,
And hears the muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retiréd Leisure
That in trim gardens seeks his pleasure.
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing
Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne—
The Cherub Contemplation.

But alas! The Goddess sage and holy finds little audience among the multiplicity of affairs which absorb our deeper nature, and the poor little Cherub Contemplation is lost in the hubbub of traffic and jazz of modern social life.

Speed encourages impulsive thought and rash conclusions. The rate of present day living has much to do with the social struggles we witness, for if a certain type of laboring man, for instance, would strike less, and think more, the troubles he occasions us would never arise. He does not see, as does the Meditative Man, that all the ages have been marked by a continual struggle for the very rights he now holds, but which he seems to consider as a mere matter of course. Just a peep into the grewsome history of the French Revolution is necessary to turn a man's grumbling over little afflictions into an anthem of praise for the blessings he already enjoys. The most complete happiness lies within his grasp. But no; he is an active member of the "thinkless" club. He wants ultra-democracy. He wants something for nothing.

Moreover, as he fails to meditate, the thinkless man fails to broaden his mental experience and see the world as others see it. He is blind to the deplorable conditions of the poor—how whole families live to-

gether in crowded tenement districts in a single room, and how every minute of the day, some poor soul is dying of tuberculosis. He is too busy to ponder over the newspaper accounts of starving Chinese, and as a consequence does not so much as lift his little finger to remedy the situation. How can he bother about the cold winds that sweep across Austria and Hungary and Slovakia, where a household would pay almost any price for a bit of coal? Other affairs, possibly all right in themselves, occupy his time; affairs which he may think important, but which, in reality, are as a pinhead beside an elephant in comparison with the stupendous questions he ought to be revolving in his mind.

Where was America during the opening days of this recent war? I cannot think that we deliberately turned a deaf ear to the cries of Belgian non-combatants, or intentionally turned our backs upon a spectacle that would have made any man's blood boil, and aroused every patriot to righteous arms. Was it premeditated that our citizens should have been permitted to perish upon the high seas, with not so much as a whimper from the shore in their defence? No, it was all because we failed to stop, look, and THINK. Nero played while Rome burned, and as Belgium's beautiful towers tottered and fell, America was so busy taking care of its finances, automobiles, and parties that it failed to see what the excitement was all about. If, on the other hand, one hundred million thinking Americans, as ardent for justice as ex-President Roosevelt, had risen up against the German armies at the right time, this war would have been stopped over night! But in Flanders Fields you see the awful result, because too few of America's leaders had the qualities of one of the greatest of Meditative Men, Theodore Roosevelt, who not only thought before he acted, but was sure to act after he thought.

As it is well to see the world as others see it, so it is well, as Robert Burns said, "to see ourselves as

ithers see us." Meditation promotes self-analysis. I have seen people so busy with things that may be even intellectually beneficial, but absorbed in their doing to the extent that they had not time to discover themselves. Worse than that, of course, are the members of the "thinkless" class, whose occupations outside themselves amount to little or nothing. These are society butterflies who can think of no form of conversation but flattery, who can settle down to nothing but a merry whirl of afternoon teas and dances; show-mad individuals who would travel across the continent to see Al G. Field's minstrels, or watch Charlie Chaplin throw a pie in somebody's face, but not step across the street to witness a presentation of "Hamlet." We have even arrived at the point where folks can concentrate on one thing for only ten or fifteen minutes at a single sitting, and this has given rise to a new form of entertainment known as the vaudeville, in which that laborious thinking process is reduced to the minimum. I have even seen "thinkless" churchmen who refused to attend the worship of their God, merely because they did not like the preacher. The Meditative Man sees these faults and examines his own self to see if any of them may be latent within him.

Should he find any, does his "Goddess sage and holy" offer him a remedy? Yes, for she spreads at his feet the lives of the great as a spur to prick the sides of his intent toward nobler enterprise. To read how Demosthenes, by sheer force of self-conquest, overcame obstacle after obstacle in his pathway to perfection, thrills a man. Lincoln's long nights of anxious waiting for news from the southern battlefields can but demonstrate that if one man can bear the burden of a nation upon his shoulders, surely each can have just a little share in bearing the brunt of the world's woes. But some people don't know enough about great men to see that there is something more worth while in life than their own shallow existence.

And lastly, the Meditative Man sees the universe as opposed to self. Philosophical thought and selfishness are inversely proportional, for as a man increases in wisdom, the less occasion he has to give himself a thought, and the less disposition he has to consider himself as amounting to anything in the midst of all the wonders that contemplation reveals. His interests appear as nothing in comparison with the infinities of time and space. Little quarrels disappear into thin air—they are below his plane of living. He sees that after a certain amount of comfort is purchased, money is really of little value, and he realizes that after all is said and done, the sublimest pinnacle of achievement is to drown one's self in a veritable sea of deeds for others.

But, does the life of the Meditative Man offer him labor only, and no pleasure? Happiness is surely his, and of a lasting sort. Speed encourages one type of pleasure only—the empty, vacant, "thinkless" kind, but some people of the class I have mentioned, think it's great, just as a drunkard delights in intoxication merely because he has never tried sobriety. But "Il Penseroso" is the heir of the ages; his wealth consists of the products of the greatest of mortals—moulded, seemingly, for his express enjoyment. He delights in the arts of the poet, sculptor, musician, and even more than that, finds the deep satisfaction that comes from the accomplishment of things worth while.

And so the Meditative Man, seated before the glowing ashes on his hearth, may perchance soliloquize, as he dreams, with words like these:

I can see, afar off, in the abyss of the ages, tireless heroes struggling for the blessings I fall heir to. I see about me gathered mortals, sad and searching long for rest, who know not whither they should turn for respite. But I can see wherein my solace lies, and thus, with all my petty griefs, I can but count my burden light.

I see within me faults and imperfections, that sad-

den for me my existence, but withal I see the wondrous works of master minds, well-nigh immortal,—deeds sublime that spur me on to better things, and find me, with each rising sun, a better man.

And so I seek, that powers dwelling on Olympus fashion from my mortal clay a man deserving of such fortune. For I behold the works of poets' pens; strokes of brushes as by magic; creatures of immortal architect; tuneful strains of Lydian lutes are mine, and with rapt wonder I gaze upon the Creator's canvas, nature.

So,

"Hail, thou Goddess sage and holy,
Hail, Divinest Melancholy.
And the mute silence hist along,
'Less the nightingale will deign a song.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy,
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thine even song.
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green
To behold the wond'ring moon
Riding near her highest noon.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
As may with sweetness thru mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown, and mossy cell
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show.
And every herb that sips the dew.
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live."

COLLEGE AND CHARACTER

J. Ruskin Howe, '21
Philomathea

WITH the close of this day our college passes another milestone in the course of her historic career. At the sound of the bell some two hours ago she closed her classic halls upon another year's study and instruction. A few days more and some from our number will stand before the head of our school and hear him say: "By virtue of the authority committed to me, I confer on you the first degree of Arts; and to each of you I present a diploma which admits you, as youth of promise, to the fellowship of educated men."

Keenly we feel the loss of those who go from among us. Keenly we realize that we ourselves stand one year nearer that same important hour. But along with these thoughts and emotions there come, crowding in upon our consciousness the persistent questions, "What does it mean? Why are we here? What should these four years of training represent in our individual lives?" And we find ourselves hesitating as we try to put into words our answer. But that answer, when it comes, must carry a deeper significance than may be expressed by the words of presentation I have quoted. College to us must mean more than degrees, more than friends and associations, more even than knowledge and superficial culture. It must mean essential development, clear perspective and character.

One writer says, "The college sends her alumni into the world with nothing more than a warrant that they are presentable intellectually." Yet her unwritten and unspoken purpose is not so much intellectual as moral, and her strongest hope is to stamp her graduates with an abiding character. A college stands for learning, for culture, and for power; in

particular it stands for the recognition of an aim higher than money-getting. It is a place where our young men shall see visions; where even the idlest and lowest man of all must catch glimpses of ideals which, if he could live in their presence, would transfigure his life.

The Bachelor of Arts, on his commencement day, is seldom a scholar either polished or profound; but he may be and should be in the full sense of the word a man. He should have rounded out of his four years of college experience a sound and dependable philosophy of life, which rightly followed will guarantee to him the essentials of usefulness, of happiness and of success. He may go out with not every rough surface polished smooth; without having overcome every obstacle that he has met; but unless he can step from the halls of his Alma Mater with certain abiding convictions of integrity and responsibility and honor I contend that he has no right to go forth as her son. Unless college to him has meant essential character he has made it fail. And I have no apology to offer for presuming to consider a problem that perhaps at first would seem to concern primarily those of the class that graduates. I maintain that it concerns even more vitally those of us who yet have time to spend here; those of us who may yet profit by widening our vision and molding our character in the atmosphere of this college. For after all we must realize sooner or later that college is life,—that as we live our four years here so will we live life and perhaps eternity to come. There is no magic charm in graduation that purifies a tainted character, that changes dishonesty to integrity and indifference to zeal. We of the coming classes must day by day learn to become what we would graduate to be. The college course does not spell success but only opportunity. It is ours to say what the result will be. But since our presence here does mean opportunity it means responsibility as well and unless we make our college days a training for character and service we

do not merit the privilege we enjoy. That man uttered a profound truth who declared that no one is entitled to a college education who does not earn that right from day to day by strenuous and enthusiastic life.

This, then, is the challenge that comes to the college man today,—that he fashion from the material of his great opportunity a character that will stand the tests of adversity and of success; a code of convictions that will carry him safely through the stress and strain of every crisis with satisfaction to himself and with blessing to those he meets. But to require that sort of character we must set about determinedly to develop it. We cannot sit idly by during four years of college life and expect to come out a finished man, armed and fortified for the battle of life with a sterling character. Character is not made that way. It is a product of earnest, insistent effort in pursuit of a lofty aim. And if we are sincere in our search for it we would do well before launching forth into the realm of idealism to sit calmly down and examine the practical things of our every-day life; note the petty wrongs and inconsistencies of our daily deeds and set them right.

It is remarkable to note to what extent the little things of life, too often regarded as trifles, enter into our character. The theory too generally prevails that a petty crime is of little consequence if we are not overtaken in it. Borrowing a book and conveniently forgetting to return it is an unimportant incident considered only from the standpoint of the value of the book; using a friend's umbrella and deluding ourselves with the thought that our failure to return it is a trifling matter; making an appointment and thoughtlessly failing to meet it, thus robbing of his time a more honorable man who is prompt in showing his respect for his obligation; borrowing money from a friend with a positive promise to repay at a certain time and carelessly allowing that time to pass without either refunding the amount or meeting it

honestly and explaining the reason; yielding to the common temptation to add a knock when we hear someone criticised, though we know plenty of good things to say of him,—all these are but little tests of character which we meet every day, yet yielded to they weaken our moral fabric and unfit us for the art of noble living.

Andrew Carnegie, when a young man, was employed by a commercial enterprise in Pittsburg under a six-year contract at $75 per month. Before his contract was half finished he realized that his services were worth much more than the price he was receiving. At the end of the third year he was urged by many of his friends to leave and take up a more remunerative position. But Andrew Carnegie considered an obligation well kept of more value than money. He was building character and was ready to sacrifice to that end. He was willing to be called a fool, but he was not willing to break his word of honor. At the close of his six-year contract he stepped into a position of honor and trust which became the foundation of his marvelous career and underneath it all was the sterling character of a man who respected his own integrity. Though perhaps exceptional in its prominence, the case of Andrew Carnegie is only the one man out of a thousand who puts his character above price. Let us not be deceived. If we would gain real success we must first to our own selves be true and as we are told in that well-put phrase, "it must follow as the night the day, we cannot then be false to any man." Little things in life are the telltales of our character. Let us build up the little breaks in our character and remember that its value is higher than any amount of ill-gotten gain. A young man may succeed, in a measure, in some walk of life without a good character, but his life will be one long struggle to appear to be what he is not. The real value of a clean untarnished character cannot be overestimated,—the man of character is the man of power.

Then as students who look past the present to a future of joyful service we can well afford to reflect that the main object of college is to establish character and to make that character more efficient through knowledge; to reinforce moral principle with mental discipline. Our days of testing will come all too soon. We cannot afford to be ill-equipped for the fray. For, "The competition is swift in the race of Life; the throttle is wide and the pressure is high and a weak cog somewhere in our mental or moral mechanism may wreck the whole machinery along the way."

After all it was rightly said that the finest of the arts is the art of living and the highest of the sciences is the science of conduct. The true success of student life does not lie in the attainment of scholarship alone, but in the unfolding of an intelligent, fearless, reverent, and happy manhood ready and glad to do good service in the world. And in it all we may well remember that we have in the Man of Galilee that perfect standard of character, which, challenging the best principles of our own nature, will rouse us to our noblest efforts.

"SOFT COLLARS"

VIOLET PATTERSON, '21

"OH, I just love romance," exclaimed Jean Reynolds, as she sat at her study-table in room Number 13, on first floor of Taggett Hall. Around this romantic maid there was quite an unromantic scene of disorder and confusion. The study-table was littered with books and pens and pencils and paper and magazines, while before her loomed an uncompromising "F," which also was quite devoid of romance.

"Oh, how I hate this place," and in order to give emphasis to her words, Jean snatched the big, red-lettered "F" and threw it angrily into the waste-paper basket, where it nestled comfortably beside an ink bottle and a jar of cold cream.

"Why did dad ever send me here to the most unromantic spot in the world? Some of the girls can see romance in a red-sweatered football hero. Not I. I think it is downright silly to rush around and pile up on each other so. And where is the romance in having a date with a brainy senior or a glowing freshie? And where, oh, where, is the romance of 'F's'? That is the worst blow of all. What would dad say?"

And Jean sighed as she gazed at that fatal "F" now reposing peacefully in the depths of the waste-paper basket.

"The most romantic thing about this whole institution is the bulletin board. I do love that. It's just thrilling to know if a powder puff has been lost, or a fountain pen found, or if the orchestra will have a rehearsal, or if the choir will meet, or if—oh, I just love that bulletin board! But what am I to do?"

And Jean sighed again.

That same evening just after lights were out, Jean

startled her roommate by an unearthly cry and—"I've got it! I've got it."

"Got what?" her roommate inquired sleepily.

Jean, squelched in a moment, replied:

"Only just an idea, that's all."

"Well, I am mighty glad you don't have them often if that's the way they affect you."

Jean lay awake plotting and planning for the greater part of that night, and the next morning went down to breakfast brimming over with romantic ideas.

Later in the day there appeared on the bulletin board which spelled romance for Jean, the following concise notice:

Soft Collars
Laundered Perfectly by a Perfect Laundress.
Drop package in box at
your feet.

That afternoon as Jean sauntered by the bulletin board with the glowing freshie, she remarked:

"Isn't that a peculiar notice, that one about the soft collars?"

"Oh, I don't know. Looks pretty good to me. I've got a notion to try it. I expect somebody needs some extra cash."

Jean ground her teeth and bit her tongue—and noticed that the box was nearly half full. Later as she ran up the stairs in a romantic ecstasy, she remarked to herself:

"That box looks as if I am going to need an assistant, or rather several of them. Some little kid to bring the collars over, and someone to help me here and some place to do this romantic work. I simply can't do it here, for I wouldn't be found out for worlds. I know what I'll do, I'll get Martha John to help me. She'll not say a word, and besides—I don't think I am going to do much of the real work myself. My romantic ambitions lead higher than that. I am expecting this soft-collar experiment to lead up

to something sensational, something really romantic. Oh, I am so excited, I can hardly wait to begin."

Affairs progressed happily. Jean managed to shift most of the work to other hands more capable than her own, while she sat idly by and waited for romance to appear. But as days passed on, Jean grew impatient. Romance seemed not to be lurking in the laundry business. And then just when she was about to abandon her romantic campaign, romance suddenly appeared on the scene, enclosed in a package of nine soft collars.

Dear Perfect Laundress:

I know you live in Taggett Hall. I know my soft collars are soft, not hard as they used to be. And I know you are a "Perfect Laundress." But it still remains to be found out who you are. Just enclose a note in my next package. Do not fail me.

Richard Tompkins.

"At last! At last!!" And Jean's eyes glowed. "Oh, what a romantic note and what a lovely name, Richard Tompkins. I must find out who he is."

And when the nine collars were sent back to Mr. Tompkins, the following note was enclosed:

Dear Mr. Tompkins:

I was so excited over your note and words of praise that I scorched three of your collars. Please forgive me. Since this awful thing has happened, I prefer to remain unknown.

The Laundress.

Jean waited anxiously and longingly for the next box of collars, and when it arrived she looked through it feverishly for Mr. Tompkins' package.

"Oh, I knew he would write again," she sighed with relief. "I bet he is just as romantic as I am, even though the girls say he plays football."

Dear Unknown One:

I don't mind the scorch at all. I like the yellow shade. Please disclose your identity.

Dick.

To this Jean did not respond, but she waited in

romantic anticipation for her next note. Three days later it appeared.

Dear Perfect Laundress:

You did not answer my last note. I am growing desperate. I must know you. Meet me at the corner of College Avenue at four this afternoon. I shall wear a green cap. Will you please wear a red tam? Do not fail me.

Until four, Dick.

"Oh. how thrilling! Of course, I shall not fail you. I love green caps. They are so romantic."

At 3:56 that afternoon Jean ran happily down the stairs, with a red tam romantically covering one little pink romantic ear.

"Four minutes yet, but I'll be on time," thought Jean.

At 3:59 Jean stood on the corner of College Avenue. As yet there was no green cap in view.

"Oh, I do hope he has wavy hair," thought Jean to herself. "The girls said it was red and straight, but I don't believe it, and I do hope he—"

A second later Jean was awakened from her reverie by the four o'clock bell. She started and looked hurriedly up and down.

"Ah, here you are!" exclaimed a strong masculine voice behind her.

Jean turned, and a few seconds later, romance walked down College Avenue in the form of a green cap plus a red tam.

JE DESIRE

A. W. Elliott, '23

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Contest.

SIDNEY SMITH once said: "Every man wants to build a house, to plant a tree, to have a son, and to write a book." I have found plenty of men who have done all of these and more and are not satisfied. I have built a bird house and a dog house and have planted a tree and believe I could write a short book but as yet have never had a son. As I ponder, I wonder if I should be satisfied if I could qualify one hundred percent with Mr. Smith's condition. I can think of a thousand and one things I would like to do besides these.

I would like to have a lot of things that I never expect to get. There is quite a difference between Wanting and Needing. What I want is as follows, but what I need—well, some who read this article might suggest I need to be in jail.

But almost any morning finds me wanting a pencil long enough to reach over to Dr. Scott's record book and mark myself present at his seven o'clock history class.

I would like to have three hounds. One to find my hat for me when I want to leave the room hurriedly and do not remember where I left it, one to locate my blotter that seems to run away and hide somewhere in the clutter on my desk, and a collar button hound—you know.

I would like to have enough ability to decline to play chess, checkers or cards because I could beat any of my friends or decline to box or wrestle or run the two mile because I could win over any of my fellow contestants. I decline now for just the opposite reason.

I should like to have foreseen that the Salem Oil

Company would pay dividends last fall when I was almost persuaded to get in on the ground floor.

I would like to be able to "spoof" the ladies. Not that I would be naughty, but, well, you know.

I would like to be able to hire a "Bully" to settle some affairs out of court for me, some to which I don't feel able to do justice myself.

I would like to be so rich that all the self-appointed reformers would warn me of my danger.

I would like to have a wife who enjoyed cooking the things that I like to eat and to have the money with which to buy them.

I would like to be able to compel the Westerville Street Car Co. to equip all cars with rubber tires.

I would like to have a big long hook and be allowed to grab long-winded speakers off the chapel platform.

I would like to be able to get drunk without taking alcohol into my system or any other poison that makes me sick and leaves that awful taste in my mouth the next morning.

I would like to have a permit from Mr. Shuey or the chief of police or General Pershing or somebody, so I could sass "Prexy" when he talks rough to me.

I would like to be able to remember the appointments that I have at Cochran and Saum Halls and forget those that I have at the college office.

I would like to live a hundred years from now and see Otterbein when she gets her new gymnasium, new dormitories, new adequate heating plant, new chapel, new president's home and the new tennis courts.

I would like to be able to eat when I am hungry and not have to wait until some profiteering club steward tells me to "come and get it."

I would like to be able to make all the folks that I don't like, eat at a certain restaurant that I have in mind and listen to a certain orchestra that I also have in mind.

I would like to be exchange editor of the Tan and Cardinal, captain of a soccer football team, captain

of a volley ball team, corresponding secretary of the Y. M. C. A., treasurer of the Canterbury Pilgrims' Club, cheer leader for the girls' basket ball team, assistant janitor of Cochran Hall, and many other things which I aspired to be when I was a freshman.

I would like to be able to salute the president with a "Hi, Prexy," and get away with it.

If I always had what I wanted I would be in the penitentiary or perhaps in the Westerville jail. I find that all around me is a curtain of EGO and that I am I. Dr. Jekyll walks in front of me and Mr. Hyde behind me. Thank goodness I am neither of them. But alas! I am a little of both.

JUST RESTIN'

A. A. Luther, '23

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Contest

My Idea of Rest
Is to go down to th' crick
An' lay down on th' bank
Near a riffle
An' jest lay an' think an' listen,
Or maybe
Jest lay an' listen.
An' hear a cow bell
Janglin' soft like
Way down in th' paster lot.
An' watch th' ants
Tote a dead bug
Up one side of a stick an' down t'other.
(Dern little fools!)
An' chase flies off yer nose
An' feel sorta tickled
When an ole toad
Settin' under a cool leaf
Ketches one o' th' pesky critters.
Then along comes
An ole scamp of a blue jay
An' squeals at ye.
An' a sassy little red squirrel
Drops hunks o' bark on to ye
An' orders ye offen his earth.
I wonder if they's any
Red Squirrels or
Blue Jays
In Heaven?

AM I A PATRIOT?

HOMER MILLER, '23

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Contest.

PICK up an illustrated United States school history and invariably you will find among other pictures, that of a man wearing a powdered wig, a three-cornered hat, and a blue and buff uniform. Below the picture appears the phrase, 'A Patriot'. To the school child patriotism has come to be embodied in the picturesque battles of the Revolution. With the surrender of Cornwallis the days of patriots ended. Oh, yes, orators of the Patrick Henry or Sam Adams type sometimes deserve the name, but the prevalent juvenile conception places patriots and war heroes generally in the same category.

Grown-up people often differ but little from children in their fundamental conceptions. Whoever thinks of the self-sacrificing schoolmistress or the head of a family, figuratively "scratching gravel" to put a son or daughter through college, as a patriot? Did anybody ever accuse your modest little minister of doing a patriotic deed? Yet if we rely upon the recognized definition of the term patriot we must include such persons. A patriot is one who sacrificingly exerts himself to promote the well-being of his country. Where would the majority of our modern leaders be had they not enjoyed the privileges of the little red schoolhouse, the pecuniary aid of father, and the timely counsel of the home-town preacher? Although we live in an age of unprecedented enlightenment, in many of our ideals we have advanced little beyond the cave man.

The problem that confronts the student of today, however, is not whether his professor is a greater patriot than the representative from his district, or whether preachers are more valuable than soldiers. The thinking student will ask himself: "Am I pre-

paring myself to carry the burdens of citizenship, or am I only amassing a multitude of inert facts? Am I learning to play the game of life so that I may outwit my fellow, or am I preparing to uplift him? Am I a dead weight on the train of progress, or do I contribute to its acceleration? In a word, am I a patriot?"

The student answers each of these questions by his daily conduct. Just as it is the duty of a citizen, especially a college-bred citizen, to take an active part in all matters of municipal and national importance, so it is the duty of a student to take an active interest in problems involving his school. He would do well to say: "Does it concern me whether the most capable persons are at the head of the student activities of my college? Do I prize the success of a faction or clique higher than the success of my school? When I find that corrupt policies are invading the student life of my college, do I combat them, or do I run away?" The student who is afraid to fight dirty politics while he is in school will be a cowardly citizen, not a patriot.

Few places are to be found where there is more opportunity to violate the terms of liberal trust than in many colleges, notably Otterbein. We might well recall many examinations, and ask ourselves if we have disregarded the whole-hearted confidence that has been placed in our integrity. The student who "beats" his instructor in an examination would be likely to entertain few scruples if an opportunity to take advantage of his fellow presented itself.

An indispensable qualification of a patriot is service. The student who will serve his college will serve mankind later on. Any number of athletic teams, debate teams, and all kinds of organizations depending upon competitive effort, suffer piteously because so few students are interested. The mass is content to permit an overworked few to perform their tasks while they sit idly by. A student can be a patriot in Otterbein College as well as any other place, for what he does and thinks today he will be tomorrow.

MARCH CLOWNS

MARVEL SEBERT, '21

BUSTER COLLINSON sat at a desk in study hall 207. His long, lanky legs were stretched under the desk in front while his spine curved artistically on the yellow seat. At present Buster was endeavoring to dawdle away the last twenty minutes of the study period. The American History in front of him only served as a place of refuge for his eyes when the study teacher in the front of the room looked sternly in his direction.

"Hey, Jack!" Buster leaned toward his chum in the opposite seat. "I say, Jack!"

"Aw, cut it out! Just because you've got your history's no sign I have!"

Receiving no encouragement from that direction, Buster became more restless than ever. There was a tiresome girl behind him and in the seat in front was a girl. When he thought of her at all, which was only when he tangled his feet up with hers, he dubbed her "The Giggly Skirt."

Now Buster had a very analytical mind. In his childhood every new toy was a predetermined wreck because he always took it apart. In fact everything he had come in contact with he had studied; yet he had not studied girls, perhaps because he had not come in close enough contact with them. But twenty minutes was a long time to have nothing to do. With many flourishes he started to trace a cat already outlined on the yellow desk. He had finished one ear and started on the other when he caught sight of something unusual. Slowly he pulled up one foot and then more hurriedly the other. His curved back became once more normally straight. Again he read the message on the desk close to the cat.

"Look in desk. T. J."

Furtively Buster looked around; but seeing he was

not watched he pulled up the desk as though he were going to throw in some paper. There was a promiscuous heap of waste paper; but in one corner lay a neatly-folded pink note. Buster took it out and again looked at his immediate neighbors and Jack. The latter was laboriously studying; yet his head had moved just a particle as Buster looked up.

Once again Buster studied out of the American history book but this time it was from a pink page.

"Dear Studymate:

I'm so tired of studying and am bored to death with everything in general. Let's write notes and make a romance for ourselves. T. J."

From a girl! Buster was disgusted and folded the note preparatory to putting it back in the desk. Just then he saw that the study hall clock said fifteen minutes more to wait. He unfolded the pink sheet. A romance! Not for him! He had enough of that in seeing Jack and his girl standing around in the corridors during lunch hour. Besides he had told Jack often enough that he never would have a girl. But then, she was bored and so was he. Anyhow, Jack needn't know. He'd leave out the romance but get some fun out of the rest. On a piece of note-book paper he wrote:

"Dear Miss T.:

I shall be delighted to answer your charming notes."

He surveyed this critically and then changed it to—

"I shall be delighted to keep you from being bored."

This was worse yet. He mopped his slick pompadour and started again.

"Dear Companion in Distress:

I, too, am tired and bored. This one o'clock period is fierce. I dote on romance. B. C."

But this was all wrong. Besides using slang he was disclosing his identity by telling at what hour he used that desk. He decided to try again.

"T. J.: Pardon the holes in this paper. It will be

my pleasure to further your plans and arrangements. B. C."

He felt a glow of pride as he looked at this final masterpiece, and then the stiffness of it sent another crumpled note to his pocket. Five more minutes he labored and then cautiously placed the following note in the desk.

"Miss T. J.:

I'm game. Fire ahead. It's time for the bell. B. C." And then waited six minutes for the bell.

The next day he went through curious routes to his classes; but all of them took him past study hall 207. Some fellow had the seat at 8:00 and Jack at 9:00 so only three more people could have it before 1:00 o'clock. At 10:00 he saw a frumpy looking blonde, at 11:00 a black haired girl who was anything but romantic looking, and at 12:00 o'clock he waited and was five minutes late to his class; but no one had taken the desk up to that time. Between 12:00 and 1:00 Buster decided that he preferred to write notes to an unknown person and that he would never again try to find out who had the seat from 12:00 to 1:00. At five minutes past one, Buster hurried to his desk. He opened his History and hoped Jack would do the same; but somehow the latter felt talkative and for ten minutes whispered or looked at Buster. Then finally when Buster's patience was about exhausted, Jack, too, began to study and Buster pulled out the pink note.

"Dear Studymate:

It was so nice of you to notice my note on the desk and then answer me as you did. I know we shall have a delightful time. Do you like athletics? I'm crazy about them. I never really wrote like this to a fellow before and so pardon any mistakes that I make. Will write more next time. T. J."

Buster decided that she hadn't anything on him! It wasn't his habit to write to pink-colored note-writers either. But if she didn't know what the etiquette

for these notes was, he wouldn't worry about what he said either, so he wrote:

"Dear T. J.:

Yes, I like athletics. It's great stuff. Last night our church team played basket ball with another team. In the first half"—and Buster gave a detailed account of the whole thing, then ended with—"I wonder what T. stands for. I can think of rafts of names for fellows, but none for girls excepting Tessie, and I don't like that, do you? B. C."

Day after day the correspondence continued, becoming more and more of an intimate nature. December passed and January, and then February and part of March. The hardest thing in the whole business was the fact that Buster couldn't tell Jack. He had promised himself that he wouldn't; but time and time again the promise was almost broken. To keep such an important thing in each day's routine from his chum was not only hard but nerve-racking. Besides he wished he knew who was writing. If the notes could be so interesting the person must be more so. He decided to take a step in the disclosure, so in the next letter he wrote among other things:

"I see there's going to be a big school affair for St. Patrick's day. They say it's going to be a masquerade party. Don't you think we should unmask at the same time?"

The answer brought an affirmative and the words, "But please don't expect too much of me, for I'm not at all good-looking." To which Buster replied, "Looks aren't everything."

Buster let Jack believe that he wasn't going and at the last minute Jack wouldn't go either because his girl was sick and couldn't go.

Between T. J. and B. C. it was arranged that they would find each other at the beginning and then wait and unmask with the rest. T. J. wanted to look her best so she would not dress up in a queer costume but would wear a false wig and a peach-colored taffeta

party dress. B. C. said he would wear a black clown suit on which were yellow flapjacks.

That night among the March hares walked a couple who laughed and talked in a strained manner. Buster felt queer, not only because he was with a girl, but because he almost had to lay his head on the girl's shoulder to hear her when she whispered. Owing to a bad cold her voice had nearly failed her and much as she hated it, she could not talk aloud.

But even then the time for unmasking came too soon. When it was called, Buster shifted his weight from one foot to the other and then desperately pushed up his black mask. The girl fingered at the back of her head to loosen the mask, and then, giving one hand to Jack, she coaxingly whispered, "And you won't care if I'm not pretty?"

Squeezing her hand reassuringly, Buster was just saying, "No," when with the other hand both the curly wig and mask were pulled off. There—in the peach-colored loveliness, with one hand clasped in Buster's—stood Jack.

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

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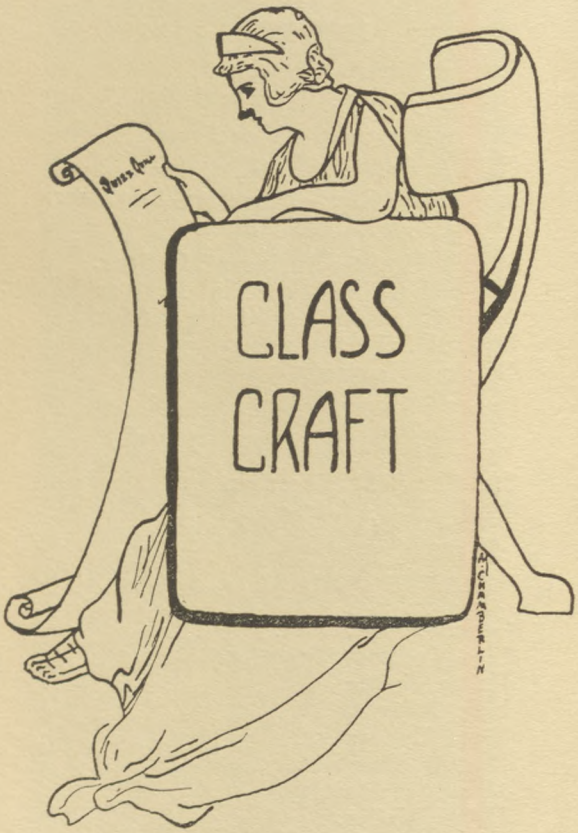

CLASS
CRAFT

WELCOME, CANTERBURY PILGRIMS!

"Than longen folk to goon on Pilgramages."

THE modern Chaucerians of Otterbein resolved "to goon on a Pilgrimage" and banded themselves into a club to march into the fields of English literature. Otterbein is to be congratulated upon her youngest organization, which will be another means of giving the students who are interested in their native language an opportunity to develop their knowledge of its treasures. "The Canterbury Pilgrims" are just beginning their crusade, and their progress will be watched with keen interest, particularly by the Quiz and Quill Club, which welcomes the newcomers most heartily.

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST

When life seems made of things that cause us pain
  And God sends sorrows that we can not bear,
Why do we doubt and of our lot complain,
  And say that no one seems to know or care?
When He our dearest one has snatched away
  And we are left uncomforted, alone,
Why does it seem the rose has turned to gray,
  And we must suffer, neither weep nor moan?

Can we not smile, look up, and see the sun,
  Or in the clouds some day of light detect?
Can we not trust until the day is done,
  And in our face some joy of life reflect?
For after all the trials of life, is rest.
  Just be content; whatever is, is best.

GRACE H. HILL, '23.

"A FOOLISH FROG"

(From a Japanese fable)

TADASHI YABE, '24

IN Japan they have a saying that a frog that lives in a pond does not know the big ocean.

Once upon a time there lived a frog in a pond in a certain district with his family. One day, turning to his people, he said, "They say that the frogs do not know the big ocean. I think it is a disgrace upon our frog family. So I have decided to go to a seashore and find how large the ocean really is."

The next day, early in the morning, he started for the seashore. But at the end of the day, he had hardly arrived at the top of a hill. And he thought to himself, "Well, it is no use to continue my journey any more, for I am sure that the sea can be seen from this high mountain." So he climbed up on a stump, and looked toward the sea, standing on his hind legs. But we know that the eyes of a frog are so fixed that when he stands on his hind legs he can see only backward. So consequently that frog saw the same pond that he left in that morning, and he said to himself, "What is the matter with the people? Why, this ocean is no larger than the pond at home."

So he hurried at once back to his home and told his people that their pond was as big as the ocean. And so they are still living in the pond not knowing how big the ocean is.

GARDEN IN THE MOONLIGHT

KATHLEEN WHITE, '24

THE garden in the moonlight was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. It was flooded with the silvery radiance of a full, mid-summer moon. All nature seemed to be sleeping and cooling itself after the intense heat of the day. The grass at my feet looked like a dark carpet glistening with dew. As it was not yet late, here and there fireflies sparked far up near the dark branches of the trees.

At the back of the garden was a stone wall, covered with a thick moon vine whose great white blossoms looked like waxen flowers. In front of the wall at regular intervals stood bunches of tall, stately hollyhocks,—silent sentinels at their posts.

In one corner of the garden, at the foot of the wall, was a small flower bed, edged with dainty candytuft which looked like fluffy white snow in the moonlight.

The only sound that broke the lovely silence of the garden was the tinkling of a fountain in an open space at the right. Bowlders had been piled high in the center of a small cement-lined pool and from the top of this stone structure the sparkling water came in a filmy spray. Once in a while the shiny back of a gold fish in the pool gleamed near the surface of the water.

As I stood there in the soft light I felt myself under the enchanted spell of the moonlit garden.

LA CONSERVATION ET LA PROPAGATION DU GIBIER AUX ETATS-UNIS

D. M. Phillippi, '21

L'AMÉRIQUE du Nord était autrefois le coin le plus richement doué du monde. Son manteau était une grande forêt. Au centre, la croissance de bois-dur était, au long, de l'érable, de l'orme, de le "hickory," et du chêne. Les baumiers, les bouleaus, et les cèdres la bordaient au nord; les pins-jaunes couvraient le pays au sud; les grandes épinettes et les sapins montaient les rampes des "Rockies"; et les bois-rouges gigantesques planaient au-delà d'eux. Des massifs de "tamarack," sombres et vert-noirs, sortaient des marais; les peupliers brumeux s'élevaient des prairies. D'entre les glaciers dans les montagnes couraient, bouillionnaient, tombaient des torrents pour se joindre aux rivières lentes au-dessous. Des lacs furent plantés comme des bijoux dans les bois. On n'a jamais imaginé un tableau plus beau; et pas de faune plus bonne ou plus robuste que celle qui lui a appartenu a été jamais trouvée!

C'est cette faune, ce cadeau merveilleux de vie animale, que nous considérons tout à l'heure. Sa décadence est une histoire déplorable. Dès le début les blancs ont tenu quelque idée absurde que notre réserve de chasse était inépuisable, Aveuglés par ce raisonnement mal fondé ils ont été des bouchers et des meurtriers. Si on croit que cela est trop sévère, qu'on se rappelle les buffles. Lorsque le premier chemin de fer a traversé l'ouest on a connu des trains qui se sont arrêtés de l'aurore jusqu'au déclin du jour pendant qu'une herde seule de buffles passait sur la voie avec bruit assourdissant. Aujourd'hui pas un buffle est en liberté! On protège ceux qui restent dans le "Yellowstone" et dans les quatre champs aux buffles établis dans un essai tardif de sauver d'extinction

l'animal le plus utile du continent. La boucherie systématique par les chasseurs des peaus a rabaissé l'espèce dans le court espace de quatorze ans. Les cadavres pourrissaient sur les prairies, et quelquefois on a laissé peau et cadavre tous les deux après avoir ôté la langue pour la vendre à cinquante sous. On peut dire que ça est arrivé en avance de nous, et que nous n'y sommes pas responsables. C'est vrai; mais l'opération se repète sous nos yeux dans une vingtaine d'autres genres. Par example, une petite partie des mineurs ont tué il y a quelques années trois milles de ptarmigans dans le territoire de Yukon; et quatre hommes ont tué au Texas assez de cailles pour cacher un côté de leur automobile. Il n'y avait pas de loi à défendre les tétras au Yukon, et la loi n'a défendu nulles cailles au Texas. Tirer un élan mâle pour une paire de dents, tirer des morses du tillac d'un steamer pour badiner, ou tirer un pélican simplement pour le voir tomber—ces sont des crimes si brutals et si révoltants qu'ils devraient être classés comme le meutre.

Notre réserve primitive du gibier a été bien diminuée, mais quelque malheureux que ce soit, nous n'accomplirons rien par nos plaintes. Il nous faut plutôt apprendre ce que le passé peut nous montrer, et faire mieux désormais. Avons-nous lieu, donc, de croire que nous puissions jamais renouveler le gibier à la ressemblance de son abondance ancienne? On peut répondre que "oui," pourvu que nous ne tardions pas et que nous supprimions les recours partiels. Partout où on leur a donné la protection parfaite les espèces sauvages se sont saisis de nouveau de la vie, à moins qu'on n'eût pas réduit leur quantité au point duquel elles n'ont pu se guérir. Car il y a une limite à la persécution qu'aucune espèce peut subir, et un moment arrive où toute le législation et tous les efforts protecteurs sont vains. On a détruit les pigeons-sauvages Americains en les donnant à manger aux porcs, jusqu'à ce qu'ils ne pussent se relever. Le "heath-hen" de l'est est sans espoir de délivrance; et le "prairie-chicken" de l'ouest, qui lui est deparent,

s'approche de si près à la crise que les lois seulement les plus drastiques vont servir, et il se peut même qu'elles soient inutiles. Alors, cette bête excellente de la chasse du nord-ouest, le mouton des montagnes, a souffert gravement pendant que la loi restait inactive; mais il est possible heureusement que la protection qu'on lui donne dans les parcs nationals puisse le sauver d'extinction. Donc, premièrement, il nous faut nous animer pour que nous agissions sans hésitation quand il est clair qu'une espèce a besoin de secours.

Or, de quelle sorte doit être cette action, et quels mesures nous faut-il prendre pour accroître le gibier aux Etats-Unis? Il me semble qu'il y a deux moyens de procéder. L'un est de l'aider de toute mainière à se maintenir dans son état naturel; et l'autre est de le propager dans les parcs sous les environs demi-sauvages. Nous connaissons ces plans par expérience, et ils doivent tous les deux être compris dans notre système de conservation.

Les deux facteurs les plus importants pour aider les espèces à se soutenir sont d'amener des changements dans les lois au gibier, états et fédérales, et de rabaisser certaines pestes animales. Si la loi fédérale aux oiseaux de passage avait été un peu plus étendue, l'avenir de plusieurs genres d'oiseaux qui sont maintenant en péril serait garanti. Les limites de poche fixés par les lois d'état sont souvent des absurdités—trop élevés; on peut détruire le gibier pendant que nous nous reposons sur la "limite de poche." Les époques fermées ne sont pas assez communes, ni d'une durée convenable. D'ailleurs, dans ces localités où se trouve le besoin le plus vrai de gardes-chasse, le renfort en est insuffisant, et doit être augmenté. Il faut traiter tous ces problèmes par la législation; ça nous fournit bien d'occasion pour nous nous adresser à l'ouvrage. On touche maintenant au sujet de réduire les pestes animales. Qu'il soit entendu que toutes les espèces ont leurs propres places dans l'équilibre de nature, mais à mesure qu'une espèce décroît le danger

de ses ennemis naturels s'accroît. Puisque, donc, presque pas une vingtième de notre gibier reste, la menace des loups, des panthères, des belettes, et des ducs, est un problème sérieux. Par example, cinquante daims par l'année est une évaluation juste du péage d'un panthère. Autrefois, les ravages d'une douzaine de ces lions ne constituèrent pas un problème grave; mais aujourd'hui une seule paire peut menacer un troupeau d'élans. Les loups aussi pillent les plus grands animals, mais les belettes et les renards font leur proie du menu de gibier et d'oiseaux. Le duc est une peste très fatale parmi les oiseaux, et il ne représente pas ainsi la plupart des éperviers et des hiboux. Ces animals sont peu désirables, et il faut que leur quantité soit réduite jusqu'à ce qu'ils ne puissent non plus faire des ravages sérieux.

Mais je voudrais vous dépeindre ce que c'est qu'une réserve privée. Qu'un bon citoyen Americain achète du pays à bon marché dans une région convenable, plein de broussailles et de bois, traversé par de l'eau courante. Qu'il y mette une bonne clôture; qu'il fasse campagne contre les pestes et introduise des cerfs, des élans, ou d'autre gibier qui lui s'adresse. En quelques années cet homme pourra visiter un asile d'oiseaux de sa propre création; il pourra être vraiment content en levant des bandes de cailles ou de tétras, et en se glissant furtivement au bord de l'eau pour voir boire et manger les cerfs et les élans; et d'ailleurs, il pourra s'amuser de la chasse en automne sur ses propres terres. Il y a beaucoup de terre inculte et beaucoup des hommes qui pourraient tenter l'entreprise. Moi, j'ai cette ambition, en avez-vous une pareille?

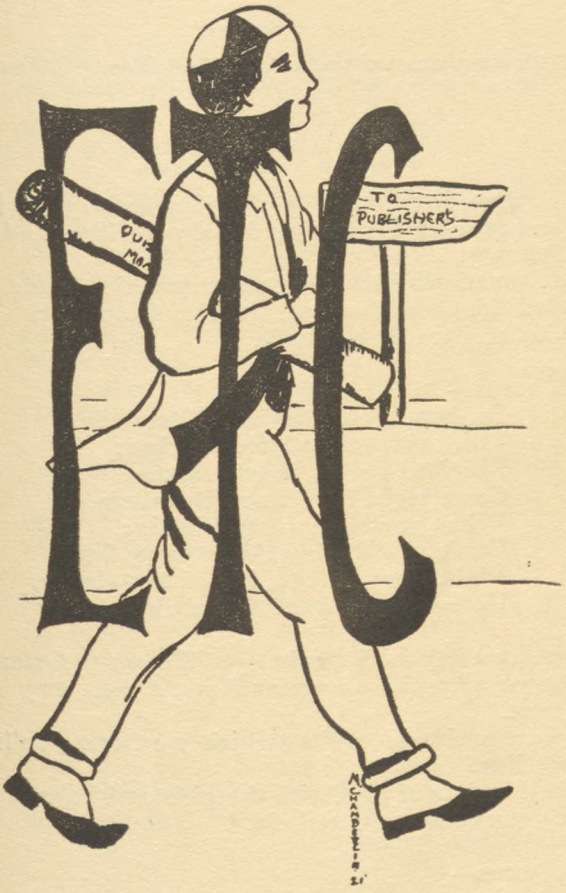
On a supposé que personne n'est indifférent à la nécessité de conserver le gibier qui nous reste, et de l'accroître pour la postérité. Mais, s'il y a un tel, qu'il réfléchisse sur la signification d'une vaste provision de venaison, de volaille-sauvage, et de poisson dans ce jour de porc, de boeuf, et de la vie chère. Mais ça tinte de l'argent. Ça est bon en son lieu et

place, mais la valeur la plus forte d'une réserve de gibier abondante de nouveau n'est pas pécuniare. Elle se trouve dans la rougeur et dans l'inspiration gagnées par des milliers d'ouvriers fatigués et d'hommes d'affaires nerveux qui seraient entraînés à sortir dans l'air frais, et qui seraient contents, secondement, d'une "poche" raisonnable.

TO AN AUTUMN TREE

O tree whose flaming colored torches burn,
O pictured glory of an autumn day
Whose flickering scarlet frames an ancient lay;
What mystic painter's touches make us turn?
What joyous natural gracefulness we learn.
O golden, sun-kissed herald of my way,
Tell me who touched your boughs with fire, I pray.
Who painted sky above and sheltered fern;
The tiny gods who changed my leafy robes to gold
Come to me from a thousand crystal springs.
They color summer's faded picture sheet.
They steal their lovely pigments, we are told,
From dew and skies, and from the redbird's wing—
'Tis thus they make my gorgeous dress complete.

PAULINE LAMBERT, '23.


TO
PUBLISHER'S

THE OTTERBEIN GREETING SONG

(This song was written for the Men's Glee Club and first used during seasons 1920-21.)

PROFESSOR A. R. SPESSARD

We've been dreaming long of a journey to your town,
We've heard friends who spoke of your fame and your renown;
So we tuned our harps and all preparation made,
Jumped the choo choo car, traveled from afar,
And we're here to serenade.

Chorus—
So, here we come from Otterbein,
Left our profs all feeling fine;
Received passes to cut classes,
Came right here from Otterbein.
When you see us stand in line,
Don't you think we're looking fine?
Right from college, full of knowledge,
Here we are from Otterbein.

Some sweet day we hope that you'll come to Otterbein,
Bring your trunks along, and prepare to stay some time.
There a welcome waits which we hope you'll not decline,
There'll be lots of joys with the girls and boys,
When you come to Otterbein.

Chorus—
So,—

THE COURTSHIP OF ADAM AND EVE

The world was made without a plan,
Without a hammer or a saw,
And in accordance with His plan
God took some dirt and made a man.

Now Adam was not satisfied,
So Eve was made to be his bride,
And they together often played
Beneath the weeping willows' shade.

Little Miss Eve made dolls and quilts,
While Adam stalked about on stilts;
Sometimes she rode upon his sled
Or in his wagon painted red.

And thus their childhood may have passed.
Until they reached the age at last
When Adam wished to wed a wife,
To help him pull his sled through life.

I do not know just what she said
As Adam with her must have plead,
But from the sequel I would guess
She must have answered, "Adam, y-e-s."

And quickly then the gossips said
That Eve and Adam soon would wed;
And Eve was glad and did rejoice
To know that she was Adam's choice.

BONNIBEL YANNEY, 23.

A SONG OF JAZZ.

Yesterday

Far away
In distant lands
The savage, in rhythmic songs,
Sang of his deeds,
Of his mighty accomplishments,
And brought offerings to appease the gods,
As a bribe to the Almighty,
As a sop to the Unknown.

To adorn this ceremony
He manufactured instruments of music,
Primeval
Savage
Barbarian
Untamed,
Noisy,
Like the tom-tom of the wild man
Or the deer-skin of the Indian.
Shrill
Shrieking
Hideous sounding
Blood-curdling
Hair-raising
Demoniac-making sounds
Came out of these instruments.

To the beat of this wild music,
To the deep roll of the drum-beat,
The savage man
And comely maiden
Danced their ceremonial dance.
Writhing
Squirming
Hopping
Jumping

Turning
Twisting
Rising
Falling,
All the while the drum beats rolling,
And the shrill shrieks rising.

The singers told of their great deeds—
Of the slaying of the enemy,
Knocking him down,
Cutting off his head with a great sharp knife,
Carrying it on a pole as a trophy.
Thus the shouts grew strong, then weak,
Until at last all were exhausted
And fell asleep about the camp-fire.
The fire died down.
The chill winds of dawn
Blew and scattered the ashes.

Today

While walking down the street
I heard some strange sounds as of music,
Crashing
Thundering
Banging,
With a peculiar roll
Which never seemed to rise—
To be free,
But was forever chained,
Lacking free expression
And lofty inspiration.
The instruments called the
Saxophone and the
Trombone,
Vied in grunting,
As pigs anxious for their dinner,
As calves bawling for their milk.
They would shoot up the scale by leaps
Then slide down by bumps

With their bleating monotonous tones,
Forever recurring
As the savage tom-tom beat.

So I hastily withdrew to find a freer breathing-place,
Also for the sake of my ear drums,
And wandered down the street.
I soon heard the sound of singing,—
Strange voices
But with a familiar strain,
With a peculiar gripping emotion
As of some primeval pull
Reaching down through countless ages,
Stirring up the dormant instincts.
At first the words were unknown
As of some foreign tongue.
Ja Da, Ja Da,
Ja Da, Ja Da, Jing Jing Jing.
Oooh La La,
Take me to the Land of Jazz,
Learn to do the Raz-ma-taz.
Then a strident voice called for Chong
And said that he came from Hong Kong.
Another voice in painful tones declared that
Nobody knows
And nobody seems to care.
Which seemed very true.
Oh, By Jingo,
I'll say she does.
Vamp the little lady,
She will like it maybe,
Oh, you pretty baby.
'Severbody's happy.
Goo-bye.
So I passed on.

Continuing my promenade
I again heard the sound of music,
Rhythmic
Shuffling vibrations

Of many feet on the dance floor.
Here were many couples in close embrace,
Head resting on the partner's shoulder,
Arms tightly clasped around,
Dancing the latest dances,
Fresh from the Orient and
From the jungle,
Creations of the wild man,
In great abandon and wild ecstacy,
Twisting
Turning
Writhing
Squirming
Hopping
Jumping,
As the savage in the jungle
In his wild ceremonial dance,
'Til all were exhausted,
And went home in a taxi.

And the milk-man began to deliver the milk,
And the worker started for his factory,
And the sunshine fell on a tired, dirty city.
Another day had begun.

BENJAMIN CARLSON, '22.

SUCH IS LIFE

J. Gordon Howard, '22

THE door slowly opened—the door slowly closed and Sylvester slowly descended the front steps. He put one foot before the other with difficulty, and his face was drawn excruciatingly. He was a mere phantom of his **usual** cheery self, for you must understand all this was very **unusual** indeed in Sylvester. He had never been much more than a tiny flicker in the fiery furnace of life and experience, and yet was undeniably noted for his customary amiability.

But to return to Sylvester whom we left tottering down the steps. He succeeded in reaching the gate and turned down the avenue, following the pavement aimlessly, occasionally taking a vicious cut or two with his walking stick at some innocent shrub. His lips twitched, his eyes lacked their usual lustre,—all of which was convincing proof that Sylvester was in the clutches of a terrible something or other. He soon tired of walking, and absentmindedly seated himself on a nearby park bench. There he thought in the immemorial manner of thinkers. Elbow on knee, chin in cupped hand. Long he pondered, several times changing elbows and knees to avoid weariness. Jove, but life was a beastly nuisance.

He had always been deuced unlucky, it seemed, the grim shadow of fate seemed to park on his trail mercilessly. Just last month he had so wanted a chic little Rolls-Royce but pater thought that an American car was good enough. Dash it, he had been compelled to go to Harvard on a beggarly allowance and with one car when he much preferred to go to South America. He had heard such ripping tales about South America. And then to be named Percival Sylvester Van Deuser. That was the peak of rotten luck. His mother had named him that, and called him Sylvester, as she

thought Percival sounded effeminate, though it was euphonious. But as his old uncle Reuben had said, "What's in a name?" Lots of great men have had appellations that would have ruined the chances of a mediocre son of Adam. Hadn't Caesar, a big rollicking man, been Julius, and hadn't Lincoln gone through life and the White House known as Abe? Shucks, what's in a name?

But, confound it, these petty trifles that he had often considered as horrors, had now rushed into oblivion, were mere poke-a-dots on the great fabric of time. This new crushing event was positively bothering, and by George, Jane was such an ole dear, absolutely. She'd always been so completely sensible. She must have read some stupid book, probably some stuff of Dickens or Thackeray, the blithering idiots. And now that she was determined to marry only a poor man, wealth didn't have a chance for the fuller life; the wealthy were bound by convention; such rot. He wondered how she fell for it, and now he had to give away all he had, that is, money; could keep a few changes of raiment and all that.

And then who would he give it to. Jove, there was no end of worry to this beastly affair. He didn't know any poor folks. He understood there were some around New York; he'd have to hunt them up. He'd heard of that military organization, what, army —oh, yes; Salvation Army, but what in the world would they do with it? He was a pacifist, anyhow.

And so poor old Sylvester, the plaything of fate, let his thought run riot, till eventually it broke upon his bedraggled consciousness that sitting on a rusty park bench was certainly not advancing toward solution with very rapid strides. So quite suddenly he took himself in hand, showing such signs of determination as straightening his hat and arranging his cravat. He hastened uptown and went directly to the bank.

"How much is there here in my account?" he demanded.

The teller departed and soon returned with the desired information.

"Twenty thousand dollars, sir, in your own name."

"My own name. What do you mean?"

"The rest is in charge of your father till you become of age, you know."

Sylvester lacked some two months of attaining his majority in the eyes of the law.

"Twenty thousand is all that's really mine, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give it to me. I'll write a check."

Presently Sylvester, with twenty crinkly, crisp, thousand dollar bills in his pocket, quickly opened the bank door, quickly closed the bank door and quickly descended the bank steps. He was obviously in better spirits. An hour would see him in pauperism, for two months at least. He could now truthfully present himself to Jane as her financially embarrassed Lochinvar.

But still he had to dispose of his troublesome lucre, and how was he to accomplish it? He saw shoals ahead, but he would be a man and try—Jane was divine, absolutely.

He breezed down the street which was thronged with afternoon shoppers.

"Poiper, mister."

A grimy hand stuck out the latest edition.

"Sure."

He took the sheet with one hand and with the other placed a shiny new bill into the waiting little palm. He hastened to lose himself in the passing crowd. Well, only nineteen thousand left. He heaved a half sigh of relief, that is, he never finished the last half.

A piercing voice reached him from the rear.

"Hey, youse, where d'ya git this stuff. I don't want no fake mon. Gimme two cents. Cops git you counterfeiters. Maybe you kin pull this on some o' them dopey business guys, but not me, nix. Gimme two cents."

A crowd was rapidly gathering. This was an un-

expected complexity, indeed. He had no desire for explanations or publicity, it would all sound so foolish, he realized,—his parents and her parents, wouldn't they raise the deuce? They'd never understand. He dropped two coppers into the exasperating hand, grabbed the unlucky bank note and dove through the crowd.

Whew, that confounded brat. Counterfeiters! Flashes of piles of stone and striped suits came to mind. He mopped globules of perspiration from his brow. Such excitement was certainly out of the ordinary, but then Jane was really a demi-goddess, oh, yes, he'd stick to it.

On he went, a determined young chap, rounded a corner and crashed into an innocent individual.

"Thousand pardons and all that," he muttered as he gained his uncertain equilibrium, then he noticed the extended tin cup and familiar sign notifying the gullible public that so far as they knew he was blind.

"What, ho," thought Sylvester, "opportunity knocks but once and now seems to be banging with both fists."

"Sorry, old chap," said Sylvester to the sightless one, "maybe this'll make it right, what?" He counted out ten of the wretched bank notes and rolling them carefully, placed them in the waiting tin cup. Percival Sylvester Van Deuser was really very happy. This was actual charity. The man had such an honest countenance and would surely make good use of the ten.

He replaced the remaining money and was about to walk away feeling considerably lighter in heart and pocket, when, having hardly taken a step, he felt a gentle yet insistent tug at his coat tails. Turning, he met the steady gaze of two searching gray eyes. What, was this a day of miracles? Even the blind saw.

"I say, what do you mean? I thought you were blind, you know."

"I am most of the day, but I usually take a peep

now and then to see how things are breaking. You wouldn't mind giving me smaller change would you? They'd think I stole—."

"Give it here." Sylvester was indignant that anyone should perpetrate such a fraud on the well-meaning public. He was eager to get rid of the beastly stuff well enough, but to such a creature! No, he'd try again and keep on trying. Jane was a little queen, positively.

Sylvester struck out again, and block after block passed beneath his swiftly-moving feet. The world seemed peculiarly gloomy, he hardly knew where to turn next. Then suddenly he became aware of some one ahead of him, walking with slow measured tread.

By George, where had it come from? Certainly Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. A wretched old hat, bedecked with what were flowers a decade or so past crowned the apparition. A washed-out green jacket, apparently made for Mrs. Ichabod Crane, and now evidently worn by some one else, dangled loosely, all signs of arms, shoulders, being lost in a multitude of wrinkles and folds. Beneath this rare garb a bit of skirt could be seen, red in color and of uncertain lineage. It draggled in the dust, but didn't draggle sufficiently to hide the monstrous and antique shoes, that flippity-flapped on the re-echoing pavement.

"My word. Quite unusual I should think," remarked Sylvester. "Certainly a more fitting subject for sudden riches could not have been found if the whole of New York were combed."

Should he or shouldn't he? Wise people had said that the third time was the charm and the same people had casually dropped the remark that faint heart never won fair lady—Jane was thoroughly exquisite.

He quickened his steps, touched the individual on the shoulder and before quite coming abreast thrust the whole of the unfortunate hoard under her nose and began with that ease of oratory exhibited by a youngster at his first public performance.

"My dear lady, would you take mind, I mean would you mind taking this—I can't use it all, and what not. Really, I—.

He felt a sudden cooling of the atmosphere—the mercury had dropped, or was it his heart. An extremely haughty gaze was fixedly staring at him.

"You are offering me money, young snipe? You will understand that my late husband has held many official positions, being employed to take the last census of Woodchuck township. When young upstarts consider me an object of charity they will be duly informed."

Sylvester was properly humbled. Pulling his hat down to the bridge of his nose he stalked away.

The very deuce, what was next? He'd go tell Jane that he'd tried and ask if there wasn't some other way. But Jane had a most peculiar manner of meaning what she said and she certainly had said that he must get rid of his money. Well, he'd get rid of the blithering stuff—but how?

He gazed around. He was crossing a bridge. An idea came. Why not? He peered over the balustrade. The water was coolingly inviting with only the wavelets from an occasional passing boat to mar its surface. Indeed, why not? It would be gone and Jane could have her penniless Galahad. He glanced about, hunting something to be used as a sinker. He found nothing. He searched through his pockets. His watch—Jove—it was a shame—it was a handsome timepiece, name engraved and everything, but the money must go out of sight. He hastened before he might change his mind, crumpled the bills into a ball with the watch in the center, and then to avoid suspicion tossed the valuable mass over the railing like a bit of waste paper. He didn't even watch it sink. But almost imagined he could hear it splash and, thank Heaven—he was a poor man

He felt down and out, but Jane had wished it and drat it, she was—oh, well, absolutely supreme. And now to Jane's. Taxis being beyond the reach of what

small change he had, he street-carred, subwayed as rapidly as all the vehicles of modern civilization could carry him.

He arrived at Jane's. It was late. Being so occupied all afternoon he had not noticed the passing hours. They talked things over. Didn't he feel greater freedom, not being hampered by the bonds of wealth and all that? He didn't, but said he did.

There was much to be said and done. Said in the same old way and done in the same old way. It was growing late. Suddenly a knock, knock came at the door. A servant entered to find them acting and trying to look as though they had sat at either end of the davenport all evening and talked about the Armenians.

What under the starry canopy did the servant have on that tray? What was the beastly beggar saying?

"Captain Evans returned this, sir. It dropped on his tug as it was passing under the 17th street bridge this evening. He identified it by the name on your watch, sir."

CATALYSIS

We were strolling
Back
From Willie's, my lady love and
I;
A cool soft
Breeze
Was blowing, and the moon was
Riding high;
When suddenly we
Met
A cat. Say! what do you think she
Said; "O pick the
Little kitty
Up and let me pat its
Head!"
I couldn't gracefully refuse, I had
To pick it up. I wouldn't
Have minded half so
Much if it had
Been a pup; but I grabbed it up and
Walked along, while
She petted and stroked the thing; she
Said she just
Loved cats, and wanted to
Make this
Kitty sing.
So we walked along in just that
Way, almost to the
Dorm.
But my
Feeling for that lady love
Since then, isn't
Quite
So warm.

GENEVA M. BRALEY, '23.

COLLEGE AND SELF-CONTROL

A CURRENT writer says that college should be simply a normal continuation of one's grade and high-school education,—that it should not be looked upon as a separate world of action into which the timorous Freshman comes, a total stranger.

We doubt it. We doubt if any expanding life should be pampered and nursed, or hedged in and disciplined by outside and artificial influences after it has reached the college age. College, as we see it, is and must be the place where men and women learn to stand or fall on their own account,—where they are thrown upon their own resources, make their own choices, fashion their own destinies.

College has its distractions and its temptations. There is a freedom from restraint that is entirely foreign to the high-school life. But even so and much more so is life, and it were better far that we learn to choose wisely and to will firmly in college than that we face the world as "hothouse" products unfit for the battles of life.

Everyone can call to mind examples of the person who has failed to measure up to the demands of college, who has weakened and yielded to the easier course. That is the person who "sleeps over" instead of attending a seven o'clock class, simply because no one compels attendance; who "cuts" whenever the impulse comes because no one seems to be concerned with his absence; who spends whole evenings at rook or in social chatter regardless of neglected studies. Incidentally, that is the person who wakes up in February to face feverish days of regret and reparation and a semester of squandered opportunity. But

everyone knows too, the person who accepts the challenge of college; who holds resolutely to the self-discipline that ultimately brings success in every line.

It is for each of us to determine what we will do with our college lives. We can make or break our futures by our decision now. And we repeat that it is well as it is. College is and must be a place to develop self-control. The world has no use for the "hothouse" individual.

—Editorial reprinted from Tan and Cardinal.

You're a wonderful fellow, Walt Whitman,
No man ever wrote as you writ, man.
Let your worshippers say
What they will, can or may.
As for me, I don't like you a bit, man!

A. A. Luther, '23.

A girl from somewhere in Creation
Wished to study Versification.
She enrolled in our class,
This unfortunate lass,
Now she's dying of mortification.

Grace Hill, '23.

WHY ARE WE HERE?

GRACE H. HILL, '23

YES, college life will soon be ideal and when that wonderful change has taken place, as we feel confident it will during our own college days, no one can question the real value of college training. We see from our position of enlightenment the growing disfavor for that old, time-worn idea that one really goes to college to study. True, we must still continue to buy books—they are necessary to give a college town the proper literary atmosphere—but what father really expects his lovely daughter to study them? It is not her grades he is interested in, but rather her stunt-book; and with what feelings of mingled pride and consternation he looks at her snap-shot album! To think that his little girl has absolutely walked away with that good-looking senior! What if he doesn't know Shakespeare from Boyle's Law? He is our football star and in these days of specialization one can't do everything. If he is an up-to-date and progressive father he will be perfectly willing to let his son have the car. How else will he be able to gain any popularity among those desirable co-eds?

We should not forget, however, to respect seniority. Practice it even in those increasing hours of recreation. Was not Alum Creek here long before the Library or Jones' Bookstore, and has not the Four-Mile Square an undeniable air of antiquity that should always place it ahead of those vulgarly new walks leading to the Science Hall? Of course, to be progressive, we must approve some new things but not to the neglect of the old. That is why we more agressive advocates of this new idea give to Willie's our heartiest approval.

Let us break away from the old regime. Let us re-

member that we owe the home folks something for the sacrifice which makes it possible for us to be here. When classes interfere with dates, let us cut classes and get the most out of college. When tempted to stay at home from a push some evening just to study a dull old French lesson, let us just stop and consider why we are here and what dad and mother are expecting from us. And when our French professor fails to sympathize with that new vision, remember that every new and noble cause must have its martyrs if it is to endure.

Let us do our bit in furthering this cause of social development and destroy for all time that pitiful picture of an A—laden senior who has failed to get the vision of real worth. Let us put in its place a blushing maid, who, blissfully ignorant of perfect squares and Latin verbs, but triumphantly carrying a well-filled date book and memories of good times, goes forth to meet the world. This and only this is true efficiency and true education.

THE TRYSTING PLACE

MILDRED DEITSCH, '21

A Near-Tragedy in Three Acts

Dramatis Personae

Jim.
Ann.
Miss Barnes.
Miss Lafever.

Act I.

Time—Five minutes after the bell rings, any hour, any day.

Place—The College Library.

(Enter Jim—a tall, handsome youth. He hangs bright green cap on hook, straightens tie, smooths hair and to all appearances takes a new lease on life. Approaches desk.)

Jim: Is anyone using that volume of O. Henry now?

Miss L.: No; I think you'll find it in the east reference room on the shelf.

(She goes briskly into east room, locates green volume and places it in Jim's hands.)

Jim (absently): Thank you.

(He looks around, discovers the other occupants of the room are only two fellows working on debate.)

Jim (disappointedly): Well, where is everybody?

(He leafs through the green volume of O. Henry ten pages at a time.)

Jim (disgustedly): Aw, this isn't what I want. These librarians never do find the right thing for me.

(He wanders aimlessly over to west room and looks through two volumes of the Reader's Periodical Guide. He discovers the identity of those present in the meantime.)

Jim (resentfully): Aw. what's the use? These magazines are all at the bindery anyway.

Jim (looking out window): Gee, it's a grand old day. Well, I guess I'll go downstairs and read "Life."

(He casts a searching glance around small reference room and then goes downstairs.)

Exit Jim. Curtain.

Act II.

Time—Ten minutes after beginning of Act I.

Place—Same as Act I.

(Enter Ann—a fair co-ed.)

Ann (approaching desk): Is there a book here written by Mr. O. Henry?

Miss L.: Why, yes; I think you'll find it in the east reference room on the table.

(Miss Lafever goes briskly in, picks up same green volume and places it in Ann's hands.

Ann (absently): Thank you.

(She looks around; sits down.)

Ann (reading aloud):

"Strictly Business."

(Looks around again.) Oh, my head aches; I can't read that now.

(She wanders over to west room and then to small reference room. Looks out window.)

Ann (softly): What a glorious day!

(Starts slowly toward the door.)

Curtain.

Act III.

Time—Ten minutes after beginning of Act II.

Place—Same as Acts I and II.

(Enter Jim at top of stairs just as Ann arrives at umbrella stand.)

Jim (eagerly): Why, hello, Ann; you here?

Ann (apparently startled): Why, hello, Jim; I didn't see YOU.

Jim (yawning): Yeah, I been here working for an age. You leavin', Ann?

Ann: Yes; just leaving, Jim.

Jim: Well, let's walk awhile. Too nice for library, anyway. Wait till I get my cap.

(He removes green cap from hook, takes Ann's books, opens door, puts on green cap.)

Exeunt Jim and Ann, laughing.)

(Miss Lafever puts green volume back on shelf.)

Miss Barnes: I told you so.

Curtain.

SPRING

Spring, spring, spring,
When the merry birds do sing,
And each little half-oped flower
Seeks to leave its leafy bower;
When only a soft and gentle breeze
Sways the green tops of the trees--
'Tis then that youth and maiden
With their hearts all joy laden
And cheeks of brightest hue
Whisper softly: "Isle of View."

Last line to be read aloud.

BONNIBEL YANNEY, 23.